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THE LITTLE GOLDEN BOOKS

Based on features in

The Golden Book Magazine

Edited by Henry Wysham Lanier

I. THE THING CALLED LOVE

In Preparation

THE SMILING PHILOSOPHER

IT'S HUMAN NATURE

THE TIE THAT BINDS

ETC.

THE THING CALLED LOVE

The THING CALLED LOVE

Culled from the World Library by

Henry Wysham Lanier

THE LITTLE GOLDEN BOOKS

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK 1928

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To
Aphrodite
Who Conquers, Smiling

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PREFACE

In spite of pathetic efforts, man has never been able to exclude woman from dominance of his thoughts, his life, his dreams, his religions. For the divine gadfly called love ever stings him to a restless striving after what he fondly hopes may prove completion.

So solemn philosophers and Rabelaisian laughers alike have been compelled to note the strange and manifold symptoms, causes and effects of this inescapable infection; but, since "one can only love with what one has," analysis and first-hand testimony serve merely to describe a few costumes in which Eros masquerades.

Yet because great minds have the faculty of seizing the essential and expressing it memorably, it may be that one may get from these flashes of thought and observation some glimpses of the Mystery itself.

H. W. L.

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THE BITTER-SWEET

I

THE BITTER-SWEET

Now Love masters my limbs and shakes me, fatal creature, bitter-sweet.

Sappho

PHAEDRA—What is it that one feels when they say "one loves"?

NURSE—Something very pleasant, child, and painful, too.

Euripides

Alas, the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.

Byron

I love but her in all the world, and to exist a whole day without her seems to me a destiny more frightful than death.

Alfred de Musset

Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Dryden

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;

But of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.

Cowley (after Anacreon)

Love is a boy by poets styl'd
Then spare the rod and spoil the child.

Butler

To love is to prefer a certain person to all men and to all women, is it not? . . . to cease to live when that person leaves you, to begin at once to live again as soon as he reappears.

Halévy

CELIMÈNE: Dear Phyllis, tell me, what you know of love?
They say its flame devours like a vulture,
And that a lover suffers cruel pain.
PHYLLIS: They tell me nothing is so beautiful,
That not to love is to renounce the day:
What must we think it, evil or most good?
BOTH TOGETHER: Let us love—the only way
To know what we should really think.

Molière

O love! O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Tennyson

Eros, Eros, thou that distillest desire from thine eyes implanting desire in the heart, whenever thou assailest a mortal, never, O never,

come upon me with wild irresistible force. Nor flame nor lightning burns as fierce as the Cyprian darts of Eros.

Euripides

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head,
How begot, how nourishèd?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; or fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.

Shakespeare

If a man with a beard found delight in building baby-houses, in yoking mice to a toy-cart, in playing at odd and even, in riding on a long stick, one would say that madness possessed him. But if right reason demonstrates that love is something still more childish and that it makes no difference, whether you are busy raising your toy-houses in the sand, as you did when three years old, or whether you maunder troubled with love, I demand of you, Will you do as Polemo did, when he became a changed man? Will you lay aside the livery of your mental malady, the bandages, cushions, neck-wrappers; as 'tis said that he, after his drinking bout,

stealthily plucked the chaplets from his neck, as soon as he heard the reproving voice of his fasting tutor? You offer fruit to a sulky child: he refuses it; you say "Take it, darling": he says he will not: if you do not offer it, he longs for it: how differs from the child the lover, when the door is shut in his face, and he deliberates, shall he go or not, and yet is sure to return, even if not sent for, and hates the doors, and yet cannot tear himself from them? "What, shall I not go, now that she makes the advances? Or rather, shall I not resolve to put an end to my pains? She has turned me out of the house: now she calls me back: shall I return? No, not if she entreats me." Now hear what says the slave, a deal wiser than his master: "Sir, things without method and sense cannot be dealt with on any system or method. Such is the evil nature of love; it means war, then peace: it is as changeable as the weather, it floats as if by blind chance; and if any one tries to make it regular in his own case, he will manage about as well as if he were to endeavour to be mad on a regular system and method."

Horace

Love is a kind of warre; Hence those who feare,
No cowards must his royall Ensignes beare.

Herrick

This passion hath his floods in the very times of weakness, which are, great prosperity and great adversity, though this latter hath been less observed; both which times kindle love, and make it more fervent, and therefore show it to be the child of folly. They do best who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter, and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life; for if it check once with business, it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they can nowise be true to their own ends. I know not how, but martial men are given to love: I think it is but as they are given to wine, for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures. . . . Nuptial love maketh mankind, friendly love perfecteth it, but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it.

Bacon

Mr. Spectator,—Here is a gentlewoman lodges in the same house with me, that I never did any injury to in my whole life; and she is always railing at me to those she knows will tell me of it. Do not you think she is in love with me? or would you have me break my mind yet, or not?

Your servant,

T. B.

Addison

I bring ye love, *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Like, and dislike ye:
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Stroake ye to strike ye.
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Love will be-foole ye:
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Heate ye to coole ye:
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Love gifts will send ye:
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Stock ye to spend ye:
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Love will fulfill ye:
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Kisse ye, to kill ye.

Herrick

THE THING CALLED LOVE

II

THE THING CALLED LOVE

This Cyprian,
She is a thousand changing things,
She brings more pain than any god, she brings
More joy. I cannot judge her. May it be
An hour of mercy when she looks on me.

From *Aeolus* (a lost play). *Euripides*

THAT KIND OF GIRL

She had been a girl of that kind which mothers praise as not forward, by way of contrast when disparaging those nobler ones with whom loving is an end and not a means.

Thomas Hardy

MANY WITS HAVE HAMMERED OUT DESIGNS

There is no argument of more antiquity and elegancy than in the matter of Love; for it seems to be as old as the world, and to bear date from the first time that man and woman was: there-

fore in this, as in the finest metal, the freshest wits have in all ages shown their best workmanship.

Robert Wilmot

"*A gentleman is not always amorous but he is always grateful.*"

Don Quixote

LOVE-IN-IDLENESS

Many fancy they are in love, when in truth they are only idle. Having little to divert attention or diversify thought they find themselves uneasy apart, and conclude they will be happy together.

Dr. Samuel Johnson

By my troth, I wonder what thou and I did till we loved!

Donne

NEVER AGAIN!

Who loves a first time is a god,
Though he should be forsaken.
Who hapless loves a second time,
Must for a fool be taken.

And such a fool who loves without
Response of love am I.
Sun, moon and stars they laugh at me,
And I laugh too—and die!

Heine (Black)

THE STIGMATA

Now can you recognize any of these marks as belonging to you? A sweetheart demands of you five talents, insults you, shuts the door in your face, throws cold water over you; then calls you back. Now loose your neck from the shameful yoke; come say, "I am free, yes, free." You cannot; for your soul is troubled by no gentle master, and sharp are the spurs which prick your weary spirit, and on you are driven, though you would fain refuse.

Horace (*Lonsdale and Lee*)

WHAT LOVE DOES TO THE HUMAN HEART

A dull, boring fellow, who was accustomed, as other slow-witted seekers after truth were also, to propound questions to William Godwin, and to accept his answers, when they could be extracted, as oracles, inquired one day in Shelley's presence, with all solemnity, "Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?" The oracle was silent. After a while, he who came to consult, repeated his question, "Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?" The oracle was still silent, but Shelley answered for him:

"My opinion of love is, that it acts upon the

human heart precisely as a nutmeg-grater acts upon a nutmeg."

The grave inquirer heard the jesting answer with mute contempt; and presently repeated his question a third time. "Pray, William Godwin, what is your opinion of love?"

"My opinion entirely agrees with that of Mr. Shelley."

Jefferson Hogg

SIMILES

Thy breast is heaped like mountain snows,
Thy cheek is like the blushing rose,
Thine eyes as black as ripened sloes,
Like diamonds do they glitter.

I do not flatter like a fool.
The diamond is a cutting tool,
The rose is thorny, snow is cool,
And sloes are very bitter!

Anonymous

THE HAPPINESS OF DYING FOR ZULEIKA

From the towing-path—no more din there now, but great single cries of "Zuleika!"—leapt figures innumerable through rain to river. The arrested boats of the other crews drifted zigzag hither and thither. The dropped oars rocked and

clashed, sank and rebounded, as the men plunged across them into the swirling stream.

And over all this confusion and concussion of men and man-made things crashed the vaster discords of the heavens; and the waters of the heavens fell ever denser and denser, as though to the aid of waters that could not in themselves envelop so many hundreds of struggling human forms.

All along the soaked towing-path lay strewn the horns, the rattles, the motor-hooters, that the youths had flung aside before they leapt. Here and there among these relics stood dazed elder men, staring through the storm. There was one of them—a graybeard—who stripped off his blazer, plunged, grabbed at some live man, grappled him, was dragged under. He came up again further along stream, swam choking to the bank, clung to the grasses. He whimpered as he sought foothold in the slime. It was ill to be down in that abominable sink of death.

Abominable, yes, to them who discerned there death only; but sacramental and sweet enough to the men who were dying there for love. Any face that rose was smiling.

Max Beerbohm

The stage is more beholden to love, than the life of man. For as to the stage, love is ever a matter

of comedies, and now and then of tragedies; but in life it doth much mischief, sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a fury.

Sir Francis Bacon

PURE REASON'S FRUITLESS ARGUMENTS

One lover jeers at others and advises them to propitiate Venus, since they are troubled by a disgraceful passion, and often, poor wretch, gives no thought to his own ills, greatest of all. The black is a brune, the cat-eyed is a miniature Pallas, the stringy and wizened a gazelle; the dumpy and dwarfish is one of the graces, from top to toe all grace; the big and overgrown is awe-inspiring and full of dignity. She is tongue-tied, cannot speak, then she has a lisp; the dumb is bashful; then the fire-spit, the teasing, the gossiping, turns to a shining lamp. One becomes a slim darling then when she cannot live from want of flesh; and she is only spare, who is half dead with cough.—The pug-nosed is a she-Silenus and a satyress; the thick-lipped a very kiss. It were tedious to attempt to report other things of the kind. Let her, however, be of ever so great dignity of appearance; such that the power of Venus goes forth from all her limbs; yet there are others too; yet have we lived without her before; yet does she do, and we

know that she does, in all things the same as the ugly woman; and fumigates herself, poor wretch, with nauseous perfumes, her very maids running from her and giggling behind her back. But the lover, when shut out, often in tears covers the threshold with flowers and wreaths, and anoints the haughty doorposts with oil of marjoram, and imprints kisses, poor wretch, on the doors.

Lucretius

The essence of love is kindness; and indeed it may be best defined as passionate kindness: kindness, so to speak, run mad and become importunate and violent.

Robert Louis Stevenson

A POET'S DEFINITION

Thou demandest what is love? It is that powerful attraction towards all that we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason, we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once and mix and melt into our own, that lips

of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood. This is Love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with everything which exists.

Shelley

Mr. Spectator——I am a footman in a great family, and am in love with the house-maid. We were all at hot-cockles last night in the hall these holy-days; when I lay down and was blinded, she pulled off her shoe, and hit me with the heel such a rap, as almost broke my head to pieces. Pray, sir, was this love or spite?

(*The Spectator.*) *Addison.*

THE TRANSCENDENTAL VIEW

For it is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and all nature with its generous flames.

Emerson

MISS BRIDGET WAS A BORN PRAGMATIST

The captain owed nothing to any of these fop-makers in his dress, nor was his person much

more beholden to nature. Both his dress and person were such as, had they appeared in an assembly or a drawing-room, would have been the contempt and ridicule of all the fine ladies there. The former of these was indeed neat, but plain, coarse, ill-fancied, and out of fashion. As for the latter, we have expressly described it above. So far was the skin on his cheeks from being cherry-coloured, that you could not discern what the natural colour of his cheeks was, they being totally overgrown by a black beard, which ascended to his eyes. His shape and limbs were indeed exactly proportioned, but so large that they denoted the strength rather of a ploughman than any other. His shoulders were broad beyond all size, and the calves of his legs larger than those of a common chairman. In short, his whole person wanted all that elegance and beauty which is the very reverse of clumsy strength, and which so agreeably sets off most of our fine gentlemen; being partly owing to the high blood of their ancestors, viz., blood made of rich sauces and generous wines, and partly to an early town education.

Though Miss Bridget was a woman of the greatest delicacy of taste, yet such were the charms of the captain's conversation, that she totally overlooked the defects of his person. She imagined, and perhaps very wisely, that she

should enjoy more agreeable minutes with the captain than with a much prettier fellow; and forewent the consideration of pleasing her eyes, in order to procure herself much more solid satisfaction.

Fielding

A CHARME, OR AN ALLAY FOR LOVE

If so be a Toad be laid
In a Sheeps-skin newly flaid,
And that ty'd to man, 'twill sever
Him and his affections ever.

Robert Herrick

THE ORIENT SPEAKS

Your questioning eyes are sad. They seek to know my meaning as the moon would fathom the sea.

I have bared my life before your eyes from end to end, with nothing hidden or held back. That is why you know me not.

. . . If it were only a moment of pleasure it would flower in an easy smile, and you could see it and read it in a moment.

If it were merely a pain it would melt in limpid tears, reflecting its inmost secret without a word.

But it is love, my beloved.

Its pleasure and pain are boundless, and endless its wants and wealth.

It is as near to you as your life, but you can never wholly know it.

Rabindranath Tagore

THE SURE ROAD TO A WOMAN'S HEART

"I have to say, Winifred, that the man does not live and never *has* lived," said I, with suppressed vehemence, "who loved a woman as I love you."

"Oh, sir! oh, Henry!" returned Winifred, trembling, then standing still and whiter than the moon.

"And the reason why no man has ever loved a woman as I love you, Winifred, is because your match, or anything like your match, has never trod the earth before."

"Oh, Henry, my dear Henry! you *must* not say such things to me, your poor Winifred."

Theodore Watts-Dunton

I was more calm after my declaration—love, known to the person by whom it is inspired, becomes more supportable.

Jean Jacques Rousseau

A RUSSIAN TEST

A fortnight before the wedding-day—she was only sixteen at the time—she went up to her betrothed, her arms folded and her fingers drum-

ming on her elbows—her favourite position—and suddenly gave him a slap on his rosy cheek with her large powerful hand! He jumped and merely gaped; it must be said he was head over ears in love with her. . . . He asked: "What's that for?" she laughed scornfully and walked off. "I was there in the room," Anna related. "I saw it all, I ran after her and said to her, 'Katia, why did you do that, really?' And she answered me: 'If he'd been a real man he would have punished me, but he's no more pluck than a drowned hen.' And then he asks, 'What's that for?' If he loves me, and doesn't bear malice, he had better put up with it and not ask, 'What's that for?' I will never be anything to him—never, never!"

Turgeniev

HOW LONG?

Have you, gentle reader, ever loved at first sight? When you fell in love at first sight, how long, let me ask, did it take you to become ready to fling every other consideration to the winds except that of obtaining possession of the loved one? Or rather, how long would it have taken you if you had had no father or mother, nothing to lose in the way of money, position, friends, professional advancement, or what not, and if the object of your affections was as free from all these *impedimenta* as you were yourself?

If you were a young John Stuart Mill, perhaps it would have taken you some time; but suppose your nature was Quixotic, impulsive, altruistic, guileless; suppose you were a hungry man starving for something to love and lean upon, for one whose burdens you might bear, and who might help you to bear yours? Suppose you were down on your luck, still stunned by a horrible shock, and this bright vista of a happy future floated suddenly before you, how long under these circumstances do you think you would reflect before you would decide on embracing what chance had thrown in your way?

Samuel Butler

WHAT THE WARRIOR FEARED

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases
I can march up to a fortress, and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering "No!" point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!

The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow

LOVE'S FLIGHT UPWARD

The cab stopped on Rue Jacob in front of a students' lodging-house. Four flights of stairs to ascend; they were long and steep. "Shall I carry you?" he said with a laugh, but in an undertone, because of the sleeping house. She looked him over with a slow, contemptuous, yet tender glance—the glance of experience, which gauged his strength and said plainly, "Poor little fellow!"

Thereupon, with a fine outburst of energy, characteristic of his age and his southern blood, he seized her and carried her like a child,—for he was a sturdy, strapping youth for all his fair girlish skin,—and he went up the first flight at a breath, exulting in the weight suspended about his neck by two lovely, cool bare arms.

The second flight was longer, less pleasant. The woman hung more heavily as they ascended. Her iron pendants, which at first caressed him with a pleasant tickling sensation, sank slowly and painfully into his flesh.

At the third flight he panted like a piano-mover; his breath almost failed him, while she murmured ecstatically, "Oh! *m'ami*, how nice this is! how comfortable I am!" And the last stairs, which he climbed one by one, seemed to him to belong to a giant staircase, whose walls

and rails and narrow windows twisted round and round in an interminable spiral. It was no longer a woman he was carrying, but something heavy, ghastly, which suffocated him, and which he was momentarily tempted to drop, to throw down angrily at the risk of crushing her brutally.

When they reached the narrow landing, "Already!" she exclaimed, and opened her eyes. He thought, "At last!" but could not have said it, for he was very pale, and held both hands to his breast, which seemed as if it would burst.

The ascent of those stairs in the melancholy grayness of the morning was an epitome of their whole history.

Alphonse Daudet

Any man that understands horses has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are jist alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. Incourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blazes.

"Sam Slick"

THE FULLNESS OF LOVE

"Oh, Rosalind! I love you, I worship you; why is there not a word more expressive than that! I have never loved, I have never worshipped any one save you; I prostrate myself,

I humble myself before you, and I would fain compel all creation to bend the knee before my idol; you are more to me than the whole of nature, more than myself, more than God—nay, it seems strange to me that God does not descend from heaven to become your slave. Where you are not, all is desolate, all is dead, all is dark; you alone people the world for me; you are life, sunshine—you are everything. Your smile makes the day, and your sadness the night; the spheres follow the movements of your body, and the celestial harmonies are guided by you, O my cherished queen! O my glorious and real dream! You are clothed with splendour, and swim ceaselessly in radiant effluence. . . .

"Every gesture, every pose of your head, every different aspect of your beauty, are graven with a diamond point upon the mirror of my soul, and nothing in the world could efface the deep impression; I know in what place the shadow was, and in what the light, the flat part glistening beneath the ray, and the spot where the wandering reflection was blended with the more softened tints of neck and cheek. I could draw you in your absence; the idea of you is ever placed before me. . . .

"I beseech you, Rosalind, if you do not yet love me, strive to love me who have loved you in spite of everything, and beneath the veil in

which you wrap yourself, no doubt out of pity for us; do not devote the remainder of my life to the most frightful despair and the most gloomy discouragement; think that I have worshipped you ever since the first ray of thought shone into my head, that you were revealed to me beforehand, and that, when I was quite little, you appeared to me in my dreams with a crown of dew-drops, two prismatic wings, and the little blue flower in your hand; that you are the end, the means, and the meaning of life; that without you I am but an empty shadow, and that, if you blow upon the flame you have kindled, nothing will remain within me but a pinch of dust finer and more impalpable than that which besprinkles the very wings of death."

Théophile Gautier

WHAT LOVE WILL DO

III

WHAT LOVE WILL DO

IT'S BEING PROVED EVERY DAY

A lady may continue to have a heart, although she is somewhat stouter than she was when a schoolgirl, and a man his feelings although he gets his hair from Truefitt's.

Thackeray

THE ARCHETYPE OF MARTYRS TO CUPID'S BARBED HUMOUR

MALVOLIO [*having read the decoy letter*]—Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives

me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

(*Reads*) "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee."

Jove, I thank thee. I will smile. . . .

. . . . . .

MARIA—If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegade; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY—And cross-gartered?

MARIA—Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him; he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my

lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take 't for a great favour. . . .

. . . . . .

OLIVIA—How now, Malvolio!

MALVOLIO—Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLIVIA—Smilest thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO—Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one and please all."

OLIVIA—Why, how dost thou, man?—what is the matter with thee?

Shakespeare

MY UNCLE TOBY

Let love, therefore, be what it will,—my Uncle Toby fell into it. . . .

"I am in love, Corporal!" quoth my Uncle Toby.

"In love!" said the Corporal, "your Honour was very well the day before yesterday, when I was telling your Honour the story of the King of Bohemia." "Bohemia!" said my Uncle Toby—musing a long time. "What became of that story, Trim?"

"We lost it, an' please your Honour, somehow betwixt us; but your Honour was as free from love then, as I am." "'Twas just whilst thou wents't off with the wheelbarrow—with Mrs. Wadman," quoth my Uncle Toby. "She has left a ball here," added my Uncle Toby, pointing to his breast.

"She can no more, an' please your Honour, stand a siege, than she can fly," cried the Corporal.

"But as we are neighbours, Trim—the best way, I think, is to let her know it civilly first," quoth my Uncle Toby.

"Now, if I might presume," said the Corporal, "to differ from your Honour——"

"Why else do I talk to thee, Trim?" said my Uncle Toby mildly.

"Then I would begin with a good thundering attack upon her, in return—and telling her civilly afterwards; for if she knew anything of your Honour's being in love beforehand——" "L—d help her! She knows no more at present of it, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "than the child unborn."

Precious souls!

Mrs. Wadman had told it, with all its circumstances, to Mrs. Bridget, twenty-four hours before.

Laurence Sterne

A DESPERATE CASE

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER—I will go home and die.

MATHEW MERYGREEKE—God have mercy on your soul, ah, good gentleman. That e'er ye should thus die for an unkind woman. Will ye drink once ere ye go?

R. ROISTER—No, no, I will none.

M. MERY—How feels your soul to God?

R. ROISTER—I am nigh gone.

M. MERY—*Placebo dilexi.* Master Roister Doister will straight go home and die.

R. ROISTER—Heigh-ho! Alas, the pangs of death my heart do break!

M. MERY—Hold your peace, for shame, sir; a dead man may not speak!

NEQUANDO—What mourners and what torches shall we have?

R. ROISTER—None.

M. MERY—*Dirige.* He will go darkling to his grave. *Neque lux, neque crux, neque* mourners, *neque* drink. He will steal to heaven, unknowing to God, I think.

Nicolas Udall

THE VERY WISE MERLIN

Merlin fell in a dotage on the damsel that King Pellinore brought to the court with him;

and she was one of the damsels of the lake, which hight Nimue. But Merlin would let her have no rest, but always he would be with her in every place; and ever she made Merlin good cheer, till she had learned of him all manner of things that she desired, and he was so sore assotted upon her that he might not be from her. . . . And within a while the Lady of the Lake departed, and Merlin went evermore with her wheresoever she went. . . . And always Merlin lay about the lady; and she was ever passing weary of him, and fain would have been delivered of him; for she was afraid of him because he was a devil's son, and she could not put him away by any means.

And so upon a time it happened that Merlin showed her a rock where was a great wonder, and wrought by enchantment, which went under a stone. So, by her subtle craft and working, she made Merlin go under the stone to let her wit of the marvels there; but she wrought so there for him that he came never out, for all the craft that he could do: and so she departed, and left Merlin.

Sir Thomas Malory

THE BOX THAT HAS BEEN OFTEN ENTERED

The doctor entered the cabinet and got into one of the three coffers, which Arouya herself

locked, saying to Danischmend, "Oh, my dear doctor! Do not get impatient. As soon as my brother and my husband have retired I shall come and rejoin you." . . . Instead of suspecting the sincerity of the lady and imagining that the position he was in might be a trap set for him, he preferred to persuade himself that he was loved, and to yield to the sweetest illusions in which lovers ordinarily indulge who flatter themselves in vain that they are about to find their affection returned.

Thousand and One Days

THE GENTLEMAN OF FIFTY

Dans la cinquantaine! The reflection should produce a gravity in men. Such a number of years will not ring like bridal bells in a man's ears. I have my books about me, my horses, my dogs, a contented household, I move in the centre of a perfect machine, and I am dissatisfied. I rise early. I do not digest badly. What is wrong?

The calamity of my case is that I am in danger of betraying what is wrong with me to others, without knowing it myself. Some woman will be suspecting and tattling, because she has nothing else to do.

George Meredith

LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME

M. JOURDAIN [*after having made two bows, finding himself too close to Dorimène*]—A little farther away, Madam.

DORIMÈNE—How?

M. JOUR.—One step, if you please.

DORI.—What then?

M. JOUR.—Fall back a little for the third.

DORANTE—Madam, M. Jourdain knows how to be genteel.

M. JOUR.—Madam, this is a great honour to me, to be sufficiently fortunate, to be so happy, to have the felicity, that you have had the goodness of granting me the favour, of doing me the honour of honouring me with the favour of your presence; and if I had also the merit of meriting a merit like yours, and that Heaven . . . envious of my happiness . . . had accorded me . . . the advantage of finding myself worthy . . . of . . .

Molière

THE LORDLY HAMILTON-NELSON TRIANGLE

At the moment considerably subsequent to his return to England, when he was charging her with neglecting him in her excessive care for their friend's interest, and was so far at war with

her as to threaten her with "separation," the poor old man paused in his outbreak of petulance and splenetic jealousy to avow his undiminished confidence, that her affection for their hero was purely platonic. . . . Sir William was soothed in his dying illness by Nelson's personal ministrations, and while expiring in his wife's arms lay with his right hand in the sailor's remaining hand.

J. C. Jeaffreson

MR. PETER MAGNUS

"Why, then, he-he-he!" said Mr. Peter Magnus, with a bashful titter, "what should you think, Mr. Pickwick, if I had come down here, to make a proposal, sir, eh? He-he-he—!"

"Think! That you were very likely to succeed," replied Mr. Pickwick with one of his beaming smiles.

"Ah!" said Mr. Magnus. "But do you really think so, Mr. Pickwick? Do you, though?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Wait till to-morrow, double the chance then . . . There is a suit of clothes in that, and a hat in that box, which I expect, in the effect they will produce, will be invaluable to me sir."

Charles Dickens

TAMED

In the meantime, Bazaroff occupied himself with inspecting the albums. "What a meek individual I have become," he said to himself.

Turgeniev

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S DILEMMA

"I thank your lordships. The feelings of a Lord Chancellor who is in love with a ward of court are not to be envied. What is his position? Can he give his own consent to his own marriage with his own ward? Can he marry his own ward without his own consent? And if he marries his own ward without his own consent can he commit himself for contempt of his own court? Can he appear by counsel before himself to move for arrest of his own judgment? Ah, my lords, it is indeed painful to have to sit upon a woolsack which is stuffed with such thorns as these."

W. S. Gilbert

RADHA AND KRISHNA

She despises essence of sandalwood, and even by moonlight sits brooding over her gloomy sorrow; she declares the gale of Malaya to be venom, and the sandal trees through which it has breathed to have been the haunt of serpents. Thus, O Madhava, is she afflicted in thy absence

with the pain which love's dart has occasioned; her soul is fixed on thee. . . . Her face is like a water lily veiled in the dew of tears, and her eyes appear like moons eclipsed.

Jayadeva

THE WIFE

Now I am married. It is evening. I am sitting in my study reading. Behind me on the sofa Sasha is sitting munching something noisily. I want a glass of beer.

"Sasha, look for the corkscrew. . . ." I say. "It's lying about somewhere."

Sasha leaps up, rummages in a disorderly way among two or three heaps of papers, drops the matches, and without finding the corkscrew, sits down in silence. . . . Five minutes pass—ten. . . . I begin to be fretted both by thirst and vexation.

"Sasha, do look for the corkscrew," I say.

Sasha leaps up again and rummages among the papers near me. Her munching and rustling of the papers affects me like the sound of sharpening knives against each other. . . . I get up and begin looking for the corkscrew myself. At last it is found and the beer is uncorked. Sasha remains by the table and begins telling me something at great length.

"You'd better read something, Sasha," I say.

. . . . . .

I remember in my old Lovelace days I have cast off women for a stain on their stockings or for one foolish word, or for not cleaning their teeth, and now I forgive everything: the munching, the muddling about after the corkscrew, the slovenliness, the long talking about nothing that matters; I forgive it all almost unconsciously, with no effort of will, as though Sasha's mistakes were my mistakes, and many things which would have made me wince in the old days move me to tenderness and even rapture. The explanation of this forgiveness of everything lies in my love for Sasha, but what is the explanation of the love itself, I really don't know.

Anton Chekhov

WHEN FORSYTE BETRAYED FORSYTE

Nothing that she could have done, nothing that she *had* done, brought home to him like this the inner significance of her act. For the moment, perhaps, he understood nearly all there was to understand . . . that she had suffered—that she was to be pitied.

In that moment of emotion he betrayed the Forsyte in him—forgot himself—his interests—his property—was capable of almost anything; was lifted into the pure ether of the selfless and unpractical.

John Galsworthy

THE UPSET

Little did Mr. Brumley reckon, when first he looked up from his laces at Black Strand, how completely that pretty young woman in the dark furs was destined to shatter all the assumptions that had served his life.

H. G. Wells

IN A BALCONY

I will learn, I will place my life on you,
Teach me but how to keep what I have won!
Am I so old? This hair was early grey;
But joy ere now has brought hair brown again,
And joy will bring the cheek's red back, I feel.
I could sing once too; that was in my youth.

Robert Browning

LOVE VS. REASON

Though the doctor could not make pride strong enough to conquer love, yet he exalted the former to make some stand against the latter; insomuch that my poor Amelia, I believe, more than once flattered herself that her reason had gained entire victory over her passions, till love brought up a reinforcement, if I may use that term, of tender ideas, and bore all before him.

Henry Fielding

FOR FURTHER DETAILS, SEE MAGAZINE ADVERTISING PAGES

'Tis now well, lady, you should
Use of this dentifrice I prescribed you too,
To clear your teeth; and the prepared pomatum
To smooth the skin. A lady cannot be
Too curious of her form, that still would hold
The heart of such a person. . . .

Ben Jonson

NO RESPECTER OF CASTE

Fat Haar, grappling his tall partner with uplifted arm, galloped away without a moment's intermission, balancing and stamping with his heels to mark the time, and looking up at her from time to time with an air of profound admiration; while she, with her hooked nose, twirled about like a weather-cock.

Erckmann-Chatrian.

WHAT HAPPENED TO JOHANNES

When I realized from the silence of my Arendse that I must have done my errand, I ventured hesitatingly to press her hand to my lips, and heavenly fires shot blissful from her fingers to the depths of my soul. I lost possession of myself. I retreated backwards, bowing

every moment, and . . . at last came to the head of a steep staircase without noticing it.

Johannes Ewald.

THE HERO OF A THOUSAND BATTLES

CHARLES XII (*King of Sweden, under the assumed name of the Count D'Olfen, aside*)—Would anyone believe that I am Charles the Twelfth? I begin to doubt it myself. Nations tremble at my name, yet I—I won't say tremble—but feel very much like a fool in the presence of a simple girl! . . .

Come, come, this won't do. Though she doesn't know who I am, I must remember that I do.

Charles Dance

JOS IN THE TOILS

As Jos's buggy drove up, and while, after his usual thundering knock and pompous bustle at the door, the ex-collector of Boggley-Wollah laboured up stairs to the drawing-room, knowing glances were telegraphed between Osborne and Miss Sedley, and the pair, smiling archly, looked at Rebecca, who actually blushed as she bent her fair ringlets over her knitting. How her heart beat as Joseph appeared,—Joseph puffing from the staircase, in shiny, creaking boots,—Joseph,

in a new waistcoat, red with heat and nervousness, and blushing behind his wadded neckcloth.

. . . . . .

And before he had time to ask how, Mr. Joseph Sedley of the East India Company's service was actually seated tête-à-tête with a young lady, looking at her with a most killing expression; his arms stretched out before her in an imploring attitude, and his hands bound in a web of green silk, which she was unwinding.

Thackeray

THE OSTRICH

Jo took her home, and from that Sunday night he began to strain at the leash. He took his sisters out, dutifully, but he would suggest, with a carelessness that deceived none, "Don't you want one of your girl friends to come along? That little What's-her-Name—, Emily, or something. So long's I've got three of you, I might as well have a full squad."

Edna Ferber

TO LYDIA

Who has transformed Sybaris from a hardy athlete into a doting lover?

O Lydia, say, by all the gods I beg you, why haste to ruin Sybaris by your love? Why is it that he hates the sunny Plain, once able to endure the dust and heat? Why like a soldier does

he prance no more among his peers, nor curb with sharp-toothed bits the mouths of Gallic steeds? Why fears he to touch the yellow Tiber? Why shuns he the wrestlers' oil more warily than vipers' blood; and no longer shows arms discoloured by his weapons, he who gained glory oft with the quoit, oft with the javelin sped beyond the mark? Why lies he hid, as they tell that the son of Ocean Thetis lay, just ere the woeful doom of Troy befell, lest his manly attire might drag him forth to the slaughter of the Lycian battalions?

Horace

OF LOVE

1. Instruct me now, what love will do;
2. 'Twill make a tongless man to wooe.
1. Inform me next, what love will do;
2. 'Twill strangely make a one of two.
1. Teach me besides, what love will do;
2. 'Twill quickly mar, and make ye too.
1. Tell me, now last, what love will do;
2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

Robert Herrick

"WHEN THE YOUTH BECOMES A WATCHER OF WINDOWS"

But here is a strange fact; it may seem to many men, in revising their experience, that they have no fairer page in their life's book than the deli-

cious memory of some passages wherein affection contrived to give a witchcraft surpassing the deep attraction of its own truth to a parcel of accidental and trivial circumstances. In looking backward, they may find that several things, which were not the charm, have more reality to this groping memory than the charm itself which embalmed them. But be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart bound, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory; when he became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows, and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary, and none too silent, for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts, than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; . . . and when the day was not long enough, but the night, too, must be consumed in keen recollections; when the head boiled all night on the

pillow with the generous deed it resolved on; when the moonlight was a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined into song, when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets mere pictures.

Emerson

The wrinkles on my face are all untold,
My hair is gray and thin;
My limbs are sadly feeble grown and old;
But love is young, and sin.

From the Sanskrit

He mooned at her feet. . . . He bought a violent yellow tie, to make himself young for her. He knew, a little sadly, that he could not make himself beautiful; he beheld himself as heavy, hinting of fatness, but he danced, he dressed, he chattered, to be as young as she was . . . as young as she seemed to be.

Sinclair Lewis

O Mother Venus, quit, I pray,
Your violent assailing!
The arts, forsooth, that fired my youth
At last are unavailing;
My blood runs cold, I'm getting old,
And all my powers are failing.

Eugene Field

"You, gentlemen, seem to think slavery a pleasant and an honourable state. You have less experience of it than I. I have been enslaved to Miss Dobson since yesterday evening; you, only since this afternoon; I, at close quarters; you, at a respectful distance. Your fetters have not galled you yet; my wrists, my ankles, are excoriated. The iron has entered into my soul. I droop. I stumble. Blood flows from me. I quiver and curse. I writhe. The sun mocks me. The moon titters in my face. I can stand it no longer. I will no more of it. To-morrow I die."

Max Beerbohm

LOVE, THE TRICKSTER

O love, what monstrous tricks dost thou play with thy votaries of both sexes! How dost thou deceive them, and make them deceive themselves! Their follies are thy delight! Their sighs make thee laugh, and their pangs are thy merriment!

Not the great Rish, who turns men into monkeys, wheel-barrows, and whatever else best humours his fancy, hath so strangely metamorphosed the human shape; nor the great Cibber, who confounds all number, gender, and breaks through every rule of grammar at his will, hath so distorted the English language as thou doth metamorphose and distort the human senses.

Thou puttest out our eyes, stoppest up our ears, and takest away the power of our nostrils; so that we can neither see the largest object, hear the loudest noise, nor smell the most poignant perfume. Again, when thou pleasest, thou canst make a molehill appear as a mountain, a Jew's-harp sound like a trumpet, and a daisy smell like a violet. Thou canst make cowardice brave, avarice generous, pride humble, and cruelty tender-hearted. In short, thou turnest the heart of man inside out, as a juggler doth a petticoat, and bringest whatsoever pleaseth thee out from it.

Fielding

HOW MEN MAKE LOVE IN NOVELS

IV

HOW MEN MAKE LOVE IN NOVELS

THE AMERICAN BROKER

"By George, I'll do it now," said Maxwell, half aloud. "I'll ask her now. I wonder I didn't do it long ago."

He dashed into the inner office with the haste of a short trying to cover. He charged upon the desk of the stenographer.

She looked up at him with a smile. A soft pink crept over her cheek, and her eyes were kind and frank. Maxwell leaned one elbow on her desk. He still clutched fluttering papers with both hands and the pen was above his ear.

"Miss Leslie," he began hurriedly, "I have but a moment to spare. I want to say something in that moment. Will you be my wife? I haven't —had time to make love to you in the ordinary way, but I really do love you. Talk quick, please —those fellows are clubbing the stuffing out of Union Pacific."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" exclaimed

the young lady. She rose to her feet and gazed upon him, round-eyed.

"Don't you understand?" said Maxwell, restively. "I want you to marry me. I love you, Miss Leslie. I wanted to tell you, and I snatched a minute when things had slackened up a bit. They're calling me for the 'phone now. Tell 'em to wait a minute, Pitcher. Won't you, Miss Leslie?"

The stenographer acted very queerly. At first she seemed overcome with amazement; then tears flowed from her wondering eyes; and then she smiled sunnily through them, and one of her arms slid tenderly about the broker's neck.

"I know now," she said, softly. "It's this old business that has driven everything else out of your head for the time. I was frightened at first. Don't you remember, Harvey? We were married last evening at eight o'clock in the Little Church Around the Corner."

O. Henry

THE YOUNG ENGLISH NOBLEMAN'S FIRST LOVE

"You wish—wish to leave me?" His breath went with the words.

"Indeed I must."

Her hand became a closer prisoner.

All at once an alarming delicious shudder

went through her frame. From him to her it coursed, and back from her to him. Forward and back love's electric messenger rushed from heart to heart, knocking at each till it surged tumultuously against the bars of its prison, crying out for its mate. They stood trembling in unison, a lovely couple under these fair heavens of the morning.

When he could get his voice it said, "Will you go?"

But she had none to reply with, and could only mutely bend upward her gentle wrist.

"Then farewell!" he said; and dropping his lips to the soft fair hand, kissed it, and hung his head, swinging away from her, ready for death.

Strange, that now she was released she should linger by him. Strange, that his audacity, instead of the executioner, brought blushes and timid tenderness to his side, and the sweet words, "You are not angry with me?"

"With you, O Beloved!" cried his soul. "And you forgive me, fair charity!"

She repeated her words in deeper sweetness to his bewildered look; and he, inexperienced, possessed by her, almost lifeless with the divine new emotions she had realized in him, could only sigh and gaze at her wonderingly.

"I think it was rude of me to go without

thanking you again," she said, and again proffered her hand.

The sweet heaven-bird shivered out his song above him. The gracious glory of heaven fell upon his soul. He touched her hand, not moving his eyes from her nor speaking; and she, with a soft word of farewell, passed across the stile, and up the pathway through the dewy shades of the copse, and out of the arch of the light, away from his eyes.

George Meredith

THE SCOTCH CREATOR OF "SENTIMENTAL TOMMY"

I hope I may not be disturbed, for to-night I must make my hero say "Darling," and it needs both privacy and concentration. In a word, let me admit (though I should like to beat about the bush) that I have sat down to a love chapter.

Too long has it been avoided. Albert had called Marion "dear" only, as yet, but though the public will probably read the word without blinking, it went off in my hands with a bang.

They tell me—the Sassenach tell me—that in time I shall be able without a blush to make Albert say "darling" and even gather her up in his arms, but I begin to doubt it; the moment sees me as shy as ever; I still find it advisable to lock the door, and then—no witness save the

dog—I "do" it dourly with my teeth clenched (my knee in the small of Albert's back) while the dog retreats into the far corner and moans.

The bolder Englishman (I am told) will write a love-chapter and then go out, quite coolly, to dinner, but such goings on are contrary to the Scotch nature; even the great novelists dared not. Conceive Mr. Stevenson left alone with a hero, a heroine, and a proposal impending (he does not know where to look).

Sir Walter in the same circumstances gets out of the room by making his love-scenes take place between the end of one chapter and the beginning of the next, but he could afford to do anything, and the small fry must e'en to their task, moan the dog as he may.

J. M. Barrie

OLIVIER BERTIN, FRENCHMAN AND ARTIST

"Oh, my God! I wish I could make you understand how I love you! I am always seeking, but cannot find a means. When I think of you—and I am always thinking of you—I feel in the depths of my being an unspeakable intoxication of longing to be yours, an irresistible need of giving myself to you even more completely. I should like to sacrifice myself in some absolute way, for there is nothing better, when one loves,

than to give, to give always, all, all, life, thought, body, all that one had, to feel that one is giving, and to be ready to risk anything to give still more. I love you so much that I love to suffer for you, I love even my anxieties, my torments, my jealousies, the pain I feel when I realize that you are no longer tender toward me. I love in you a something that only I have discovered, a you which is not the you of the world that is admired and known, a you which is mine, which cannot change nor grow old, which I cannot cease to love, for I have, to look at it, eyes that see it alone. But one cannot say these things. There are no words to express them."

de Maupassant

THE SPANIARD IN LOVE WITH A GIPSY

"I cast myself at her feet, I seized her hands, I watered them with my tears, I reminded her of all the happy moments we had spent together, I offered to continue my brigand's life, if that would please her. Everything, sir, everything—I offered her everything if she would only love me again.

"She said:

"'Love you again? That's not possible! Live with you? I will not do it!'

"I was wild with fury. I drew my knife, I

would have had her look frightened, and sue for mercy—but that woman was a demon.

"I cried, 'For the last time I ask you, will you stay with me?'

"'No! no! no!' she said, and she stamped her foot.

"I struck her twice over—I had taken Garcia's knife, because I had broken my own. At the second thrust she fell without a sound. It seems to me that I can still see her great black eyes staring at me. Then they grew dim and the lids closed."

Prosper Mérimée

AUSTRIAN JEW, GENIUS AND STATESMAN

At the foot of the mountain a boy handed her a letter from Alvan—a burning flood rolled out of him like lava after they had separated on the second plateau, and confided to one who knew how to outstrip pathfarers. She entered her hotel across the lake, and met a telegram. At night the wires flashed "Sleep well" to her; on her awakening "Good-morning." A lengthened history of the day was telegraphed for her amusement. Again at night there was a "God guard you!"

"Who can resist him?" sighed Clotilde, ex-

cited, nervous, flattered, happy, but yearning to repose and be curtained from the buzz of the excess of life that he put about her.

George Meredith

THE ITALIAN FALLS IN LOVE WITH HIS WIFE

Stooping over her, in an attitude of adoration, Gismondi felt the old-time ardour reviving within him, and only by an effort refrained from crushing her in his arms. Science was right; the mimicry and the parody of passion had resurrected passion itself. The law of reversibility had received new confirmation! Through his acting, day after day, toward her as in the time of their early love, all unconsciously, and as if by virtue of some philter, love had sprung up anew.

"It is seven years," he continued, bending lower and lower above her bowed head, perfect in its lines, adorable in its thoughts; "it is seven years since we first met,—have you ceased to remember?—the twenty-fourth of April? You are right not to remember,—for two years now we have not kept the day,—and it was my fault we didn't! I have been so much at fault!"

She still kept her head bowed, as if feeling the oppression of the heavy perfume, and mechanically fingered a petal of one of the gardenias.

Suddenly he leaned in front of her, clasped her waist, and kissed her on the lips, fiercely.

"Giulia! Giulietta! I love you, do you hear me? I can't keep it to myself any longer! Listen, I feel as if I were waking from a dream, from a nightmare! What harm I have done you, and what harm I have done myself! But you are an angel, because you have forgiven me, haven't you?"

By this time she was returning his caresses, and the poor gardenias got the worst of it.

"Is it all real? Is it truly you? Really, truly you?"

"Yes, dear, it is I, the real, true I, when I am like this. It was another person altogether who was so bad to you,—no, not bad, but foolish, idiotic——"

And giving free vent to the tumultuous flood of his emotions, love and joy and remorse, he made himself out worse than he had really been.

Federigo di Roberto

A PROSPEROUS RUSSIAN PEASANT

And as though her gesture had decided him, Zakhar raised his fist and struck her on the head. She uttered a low moan and swayed where she stood. The white cloth fell from her shoulders and her comb slipped from her hair into the grass. With a savage joy Zakhar struck her once

more and Glafira fell to her hands and knees and burst into tears.

A feeling of horror, pity and despair seized Zakhar. In one bewildered moment he stood gazing at her as she sobbed and then he walked quickly away and stood still with his throbbing brow pressed against the cold rough bark of an old willow. A dark void filled his soul. It seemed to him that everything must be ended between them.

"Now everything is ended . . . ended!" was the one thought turning in his brain.

But suddenly two soft warm arms came stealing round his neck from behind, and Glafira's supple burning form was pressed to him tight—tight. Unable to trust his senses, Zakhar turned round; Glafira hung round his neck, looking up to him with her wide slanted black eyes wet with tears and on her lips a strange smile of exultation.

"Beat me. . . . He beat me. . . . What a man he is," she muttered deliriously.

Jealousy, fear, despair vanished suddenly.

Mikhail Artzybasheff

THE YOUNGER SET IN THE UNITED STATES

His lips moved lazily over her face.

"You *taste* so good!" he sighed.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

THE NOVICE

But the hour came when the patience of love at twenty-one could endure no longer. One Saturday he approached the school with a mild air of indifference, and had the satisfaction of seeing the object of his quest at the further end of her garden, trying, by the aid of a spade and gloves, to root a bramble that had intruded itself there.

He disguised his feelings from some suspicious-looking cottage windows opposite by endeavouring to appear like a man in a great hurry of business, who wished to leave the handkerchief and have done with such trifling errands.

This endeavour signally failed; for on approaching the gate he found it locked, to keep the children, who were playing prisoner's base in the front, from running into her private grounds.

She did not see him; and he could only think of one thing to be done, which was to shout her name.

"Miss Day!"

The words were uttered with a jerk and a look meant to imply to the cottages opposite that he was simply a man who liked shouting as a pleasant way of passing his time, without any reference to persons in gardens. The name died away,

and the unconscious Miss Day continued digging and pulling as before.

He screwed himself up to enduring the cottage windows yet more stoically, and shouted again. Fanny took no notice whatever.

He shouted the third time, with desperate vehemence, turning suddenly about and retiring a little distance, as if it were by no means for his own pleasure that he had come.

This time she heard him, came down the garden, and entered the school at the back. Footsteps echoed across the interior, the door opened, and three-quarters of the blooming young schoolmistress's face and figure stood revealed before him; a slice on her left-hand side being cut off by the edge of the door. Having surveyed and recognized him, she came to the gate.

At sight of him had the pink of her cheeks increased, lessened, or did it continue to cover its normal area of ground? It was a question meditated several hundreds of times by her visitor in after-hours—the meditation, after wearying involutions, always entering in one way, that it was impossible to say.

"Your handkerchief: Miss Day: I called with." He held it out spasmodically and awkwardly. "Mother found it: under a chair."

"O, thank you very much for bringing it, Mr. Dewy. I couldn't think where I had dropped it."

Now Dick, not being an experienced lover—indeed, never before having been engaged in the practice of love-making at all, except in a small schoolboy way—could not take advantage of the situation; and out came the blunder, which afterwards cost him so many bitter moments and three sleepless nights:—

"Good-morning, Miss Day."

"Good-morning, Mr. Dewy."

The gate was closed; she was gone; and Dick was standing outside, unchanged in his condition from what he had been before he called. Of course the Angel was not to blame—a young woman living alone in a house could not ask him indoors unless she had known him better—he should have kept her outside. He wished that before he called he had realized more fully than he did the pleasure of being about to call; and turned away.

Thomas Hardy

"STRONG AS DEATH"

He had risen.

"Good-bye, Any!"

"Good-bye, dear friend. I will come to see you to-morrow morning. Would you like me to do something very imprudent, as I used to do—pretend to breakfast here at noon, and then go and have breakfast with you at quarter past one?"

"Yes, I should like it very much. You are so good!"

"It is because I love you."

"And I love you, too."

"Oh, don't speak of that any more!"

"Good-bye, Any."

"Good-bye, dear friend, till to-morrow."

"Good-bye!"

He kissed her hands many times, then he kissed her brow, then the corner of her lips. His eyes were dry now, his bearing resolute. Just as he was about to go, he seized her, clasped her close in both arms, and pressing his lips to her forehead, he seemed to drink in, to inhale from her all the love she had for him.

de Maupassant

FLIRTING—WITH THE DICTIONARY

V

FLIRTING—WITH THE DICTIONARY

I. FLIRT: To give (a person) a sharp sudden blow, or knock; to rap, strike.

New English Dictionary

SYMPTOMS—THE KNOCK PERSONAL

BEATRICE—I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

BENEDICK—What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

BEATRICE—Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain if you come in her presence.

BENEDICK—Then is courtesy a turn-coat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for truly I love none.

BEATRICE—A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of

your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

BENEDICK—God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Shakespeare

There are certain censures which praise, just as there are certain praises which damn.

La Rochefoucauld

SYMPTOMS—THE KNOCK GENERIC

MRS. MILLAMANT—Oh, the vanity of these men! If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Beauty the lover's gift! Lord, what is a lover that it can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases; and then, if one pleases, one makes more.

MIRABELL—Very pretty. Why, you make no more of making lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

MRS. MILLAMANT—One no more owes one's beauty to a lover than one's wit to an echo. They can but reflect what we look and say; vain empty things if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

MIRABELL—Yet to those two vain empty

things you owe the two greatest pleasures of your life.

MRS. MILLAMANT—How so?

MIRABELL—To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves praised, and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

Congreve

A PRACTICAL HINT

It may be observed that when a young woman returns a rude answer to a young man's civil remark, her heart is in a state which argues rather hopefully for his case than otherwise.

Hardy

THE SKILFUL PRACTITIONER

They played a game of forfeits. The girls put their heads together, and condemned her to kiss the one she loved best. But she rose, stately in her anger, and said:

"May I not just as well give a blow to the one I like the least?"

The moment after, Gosta's cheek burned under her firm hand. He flushed a flaming red, but conquering himself, seized her hand, held it fast a second, and whispered: "Meet me in half an hour in the red drawing-room on the lower floor."

His blue eyes flashed on her and encompassed

her with magical waves. She felt that she must obey.

. . . . . .

He sat down on the sofa beside her. Gently he put his arm about her waist. She did not move away. She pressed closer to him, threw her arms round his neck. "I have watched you this evening," she whispered; "there is no one like you."

Lagerlöf

Love of itself's too sweet. The best of all
Is when Love's honey has a touch of gall.

Herrick

THAT ELUSIVE REASON WHY

Elizabeth wanted Mr. Darcy to account for his having fallen in love with her. "My beauty you had early withstood, and as for my manners —my behaviour to *you* was at least always bordering on the uncivil, and I never spoke to you without rather wishing to give you pain than not. Now, be sincere; did you admire me for my impertinence?"

"For the liveliness of your mind, I did."

"You may as well call it impertinence at once. The fact is, you were disgusted with women who were always speaking, looking, and thinking for your approbation alone. I roused and interested you because I was unlike them."

Jane Austen

That you are in a terrible taking,
By all these sweet oglings I see;
But the fruit that can fall without shaking
Indeed is too mellow for me.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

II. FLIRT: To play at courtship, to practise coquetry; to make love without serious intentions.

New English Dictionary

Men shal not wowe a wight in hevinesse.

Chaucer

NOT A GAME FOR THE HEAVY-HANDED

MRS. MILLAMANT—Well, what do you say to me?

MIRABELL—I say that a man may as well make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman by plain dealing and sincerity.

MRS. MILLAMANT—Sententious Mirabell! Prithee, don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face like Solomon at the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging.

MIRABELL—You are merry, madam, but I would persuade you for a moment to be serious.

MRS. MILLAMANT—What, with that face? No, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impossible

I should hold mine.—Well, after all, there is something very moving in a love-sick face. Ha! Ha! Ha!—Well, I won't laugh; don't be peevish —Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a watch-light. Well, Mirabell, if ever you will win me, woo me now.—Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well.

Congreve

Why so pale and wan, fair lover?
  Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well won't move her,
  Looking ill prevail?
  Prithee, why so pale?

Suckling

Women of spirit are not to be won by mourners. Divert your mistress rather than sigh for her. The pleasant man she will desire for her own sake, but the languishing lover has nothing to hope from her.

Steele

There is lightness, laughter, a spice of mischief in genuine flirtation,—the fizzing of a champagne that is all froth, with never a drop of alcohol at the bottom of the glass.

Bourget

NO PLACE FOR EARNESTNESS

"So, Jenny, you've found another Perfect Man?"
"Perfect, perhaps, but not so sweet as you,
Not such a baby." "Me? A baby!—Why,
I am older than the rocks on which I sit—"
Oh, how delightful, talking about oneself.

"Jenny, adorable"—(what draws the line
At the one word, "love"?) "has any one the right
To look so lovely as you do to-night,
To have such eyes and such a helmet of bright hair?"
But candidly, he wondered, do I care?

Aldous Huxley

Flirtation—attention without intention.

Max O'Rell

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics.

Sheridan

COQUETRY—FOURTEENTH CENTURY STYLE

And with that word he gan to waxen red,
And in his speche a litel wight he quook,
And caste asyde a litel wight his hed,
And stynte a while; and afterwards he wook,
And sobreliche on hire he threw his look.

Chaucer

GALLANTRY—EIGHTEENTH CENTURY STYLE

When first in Celia's ear I poured
A yet unpractised prayer,
My trembling tongue sincere ignored
The aids of "sweet" and "fair."
I only said as in me lay,
I'd strive her worth to reach;
She frowned, and turned her eyes away,—
So much for truth in speech.

Then Delia came. I changed my plan.
I praised her to her face;
I praised her features,—praised her fan,
Her lap-dog and her lace;
I swore that not till Time were dead
My passion should decay;
She, smiling, gave her hand, and said
"'Twill last, then,—for a day."

Austin Dobson

What we find the least of in flirtation, is love.

La Rochefoucauld

'Tis sweet to think that wher'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear;
And that when we are far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips that are near.

Tom Moore

III. FLIRT: To flit continually from one object to another.

New English Dictionary

Formed for flying, Love plumes his wing.

Byron

Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
Constancy alone is strange.

Earl of Rochester

One should always be in love. That is the reason one should never marry.

Oscar Wilde

SAFETY FIRST

SPENCER—Are you—married at present?

ROSALIE—Why, Mr. Wells, are you?

SPENCER—Oh, no! I never marry!

ROSALIE—Oh, so many married men have said they'd never marry!

SPENCER—Yes, but I've got a system. I never propose to ladies who could possibly accept me. I like to love hopelessly—and often—and often.

Salisbury Field

Love à la Don Juan is a sentiment of the same kind as a taste for hunting. It is a desire for activity which must be kept alive by divers objects, and by putting a man's talents continually to the test.

Stendhal

THE PROMISED LAND

PRIOLA—Does the traveller who has spent two pleasant days in a city unknown to him the day before, settle there for life? No, he moves on the third day to see new lands.

MME. DE VALERY—Which frequently don't measure up to the old.

PRIOLA—No matter. He moves on. He changes. Love which never changes is stupid. Each new woman whom, like you, I covet and admire, is to me a Promised Land.

MME. DE VALERY—Into which you are not allowed to enter?

PRIOLA—You are wrong. When I am in that state of war-like fever into which the intoxication of Beauty throws me, I see only my goal, my future captive. She is there before me, smiling and defiant. Cost what it may, she must belong to me.

Lavedan

Are women books? says Hodge, then would mine were
An Almanack, to change her every year.

Benjamin Franklin

THE CONSTANCY OF THE INCONSTANT

ANATOL—This is how I'm true to them—to all the women I have ever loved. I never

forget a single one. I have only to turn over these letters and dead flowers and locks of hair, and back they come to me; I'm in love with them all again. I've often wished there were some Abracadabra which would really call them back out of the utter nothingness. If I knew of a word!

MAX—Let's think of one. What about—"My Only Love"?

ANATOL—Yes: "My Only Love"! And they'd all come, one from a little suburban villa,—one from her crowded drawing-room,—one from her dressing-room at the theatre,——

MAX—Several from their dressing-rooms at the theatre——

ANATOL—Several.—One from a shop,——

MAX—One from your successor's arms.

ANATOL—One from the grave,—one from here, one from there,—here they all are!

MAX—Would you mind not speaking the word? I somehow don't think they'd be pleasant company. I daresay they are not in love with you still, but I'm pretty sure they're still jealous of each other.

ANATOL—Wise man.—Let the phantoms rest.

Schnitzler

IV. FLIRT: (English word.) Conversation between a man and woman of the world, in which

the words play around the ideas of love and coquetry; amorous tactics.

Larousse's French Dictionary

The conversation of beautiful and well-bred women is for me a sweet commerce. But 'tis a commerce wherein a man must stand a little on his guard, especially those of a warm temperament like mine.

Montaigne

CONVERSATION WITHOUT WORDS

There were two of us in the compartment: a young officer with a tiny moustache and a young pretty woman. That was I. It happened so long ago that I am safe in referring to her as a pretty woman.

Before long, things began to happen. The lieutenant moved to the seat opposite me, from which he was able to study me the better. He had very expressive eyes, and when first I looked at them they were raised to me questioningly, as if to say: "Dear lady, will you permit me to look at you?" I have never seen eyes that could plead so eloquently. "See with what respectful admiration I regard you! Can't you tell that you have kindled my impressionable soldier's heart into flame? Have pity on me."

I laid my newspaper aside. With that gesture

I indicated that I was willing to let the flirtation begin. It was as if I had said: "There, the screen which separated us is removed, and now, eye to eye." He answered with a look of gratitude, and an unspoken promise in his eyes assured me: "I shall not forget what a gentleman owes a lady in a situation like this. I shall not address you; only my eyes shall speak for me." I thanked him with a glance.

For a long time he looked at me dreamily, modestly, respectfully. He seemed to be studying my face with touching reverence. Then he stared at my hands, as if to say: "What delicate white hands!" Then he looked at my feet. In that quiet, detached way men have of looking at things which don't belong to them. For a long time he studied me like that from head to foot.

—What did your eyes answer?

They answered, "Ah!" A languid, pleased "Ah!" with a tinge of reproach in it,—the sort of "Ah!" we utter when a man takes us firmly in his arms. I didn't say it; I looked it.

He didn't misunderstand. Only his eyes grew sad and intent, as if to say: "Isn't it a pity? We two are so ideally suited to each other. We can understand each other's very glances. And yet we must always remain strangers." He sighed and bade me farewell.—With his eyes. With his eyes he pressed a pure and tender kiss upon my

brow. He shook his head sadly, and his eyes said: "Nevermore—nevermore." By that time the train had reached Agram, and he got off.

It was the most charmingly poetic tête-à-tête I have ever had.

Molnar

TACTICS: RECONNAISSANCE AND STRATEGIC RETIREMENT

The glance is the great weapon of virtuous coquetry. With a glance one may say everything, and yet one can always deny the glance, for it cannot be repeated textually.

Stendhal

BARRAGE

It was so much gained for her that she had him started off on abstractions, that he was discoursing on truth in personal relations, on duty, and the sacredness of love and marriage. It is well known that these abstract propositions serve admirably as a beginning, a starting-point.

Turgeniev

AMBUSH

The lady attended me as if she expected me to go on.

"Consider then, madam," continued I, laying my hand upon hers, "that grave people hate love for its name's sake, that selfish people hate it

for their own, hypocrites for heaven's, and that all of us, being ten times worse frightened than hurt by the very *report*,—what a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays whoever lets a word come out of his lips till an hour or two at least after the time that his silence upon it has become tormenting! A course of small quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm—nor so vague as to be misunderstood;—with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it,—leaves Nature for our mistress, and she fashions it to her mind."

"Then I solemnly declare," said the lady, blushing, "you have been making love to me all this while."

Sterne

SKIRMISH

"I have broken two engagements for you today. How many have you broken for me?"

"None," said Selden calmly. "My only engagement at Bellomont was with you."

She glanced down at him, faintly smiling. "Did you really come to Bellomont to see me?"

"Of course I did."

Her look deepened meditatively. "Why?" she murmured.

"Because you're such a wonderful spectacle: I always like to see what you are doing."

"How do you know what I should be doing if you were not here?"

Selden smiled. "I don't flatter myself that my coming has deflected your course of action by a hair's breadth."

"That's absurd—since if you were not here I could obviously not be taking a walk with you."

"No; but your taking a walk with me is only another way of making use of your material. You are an artist, and I happen to be the bit of colour you are using to-day. It's a part of your cleverness to be able to produce premeditated effects extemporaneously."

She took up his charge with a touch of resentment. "I don't know," she said, "why you are always accusing me of premeditation. You must find me a dismal kind of person if you suppose that I never yield to an impulse."

"Ah, but I don't suppose that: haven't I told you that your genius lies in converting impulses into intentions?"

Edith Wharton

HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT

ROMEO—If I profane with my unworthiest
hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

JULIET—Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
ROMEO—Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
JULIET—Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
ROMEO—O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
JULIET—Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
ROMEO—Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take. (*Kisses her.*)
Thus from my lips by thine, my sin is purged.
JULIET—Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
ROMEO—Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

Shakespeare

HEAVY SIEGE

"Why should we two wait to be introduced?" he said. "We know one another. I am Alvan. You are she of whom I have heard from Kollin:

who else? Lucretia, the gold-haired; the gold-crested serpent, wise as her sire; Aurora breaking the clouds; in short, Clotilde.—You are aware that I hoped to meet you?"

"Is there a periodical advertisement of your hopes?—or do they come to us by intuition?"

"Kollin was right! The ways of the serpent will be serpentine. I knew we must meet. It is no true day so long as the goddess of the morning and the sun-god are kept asunder. I speak of myself by what I have felt since I heard you."

"You are sure of your divinity?"

"Through my belief in yours."

They bowed, smiling at the courtly exchanges.

"And tell me," said he, "as to meeting me——?"

She replied: "When we are so like the rest of the world, we may confess our weakness."

"Unlike! For the world and I meet to part: not we two."

Clotilde attempted an answer: it would not come. She tried to be offended by his lordly tone, and found it strangely inoffensive. His lording presence and the smile that was like a waving feather on it, compelled her so strongly to submit and hear, as to put her in danger of seeming to embrace this man's rapid advances.

"You leave it to me to talk."

"Could I do better?"

"You listen sweetly."

"It is because I like to hear."

"You have the pearly little ear of a shell on the sand."

"With the great sea sounding near."

Alvan drew closer to her. "What if I make a comparison of you with Paris?—the city of Paris, Lucretia."

"Could you make it good?"

He laughed and postponed it for a series of skimming discussions, like swallow-flights from the nest under the eaves to the surface of the stream, perpetually reverting to her, and provoking spirited replies, leading her to fly with him in expectation of a crowning compliment that must be singular and was evidently gathering confirmation in his mind from the touchings and probings of her character on these flights.

She was like a lady danced off her sense of fixity, to whom the appearance of her whirling figure in the mirror is both wonderful and reassuring; and she liked to be discussed, to be compared with anything, for the sake of being the subject, so as to be sure it was she that listened to a man that was a stranger, claiming her for his own; sure it was she that, by not breaking from him, implied consent; she that went speeding in this magical rapid round which slung her more and more out of her actual into her imag-

ined self, compelled her to proceed, denied her the right to faint and call the world for aid and catch at it, though it was close by and at a signal would stop the terrible circling.

The world was close by and had begun to stare.

Meredith

V. *FLIRTATION: A relation or mood established between a woman and the man who is making love to her. It is vaguely delicious and dangerously progressive from innocence to guilt, but presumptively terminable at any of the intermediate stages.*

Paul Hervieu, in Larousse's French Dictionary

GERVASE—Just you and I—together—on the top of the world like this.

MÉLISANDE—Yes, that's what I feel too.

A. A. Milne

How many very wantonly pleasant sports spring from the most decent and modest language on love!

Montaigne

Flirting is the virtuous woman's way of being sinful—and the sinful woman's way of being virtuous.

Bourget

FLIRTING-WITH THE DICTIONARY

To flirt is to nibble hors-d'œuvres instead of making a full meal.

Cairon

Flirtation is the hypocrisy of the senses.

Schnitzler

THE DOWNRIGHTNESS OF A KING

KING HENRY—I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, "I love you": then if you urge me, farther than to say: "Do you, in faith?"—I wear out my suit. . . . I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor have I no cunning in protestation. . . . Dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for those fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again.

Shakespeare

WOMEN IN LOVE

VI

WOMEN IN LOVE

THE FINE GENTLEMAN

"Certainly, he is not like Mr. Knightley. He has not such a fine air and way of talking as Mr. Knightley. I see the difference plain enough. But Mr. Knightley is so very fine a man."

"Mr. Knightley's air is so remarkably good that it is not fair to compare Mr. Martin with *him*. You might not see one in a hundred, with *gentleman* so plainly written as in Mr. Knightley."

Jane Austen

THE HANDSOME TRAITOR

One of those spectators was Tito Melema. Bright in the midst of brightness, he sat in the window of the room above Nello's shop, his right elbow resting on the red drapery hanging from the window-sill, and his head supported in a backward position by his right hand, which pressed the curls against his ear. His face wore that bland liveliness, as far removed from excit-

ability as from heaviness or gloom, which marks the companion popular alike among men and women—the companion who is never obstrusive or noisy from uneasy vanity or excessive animal spirits, and whose brow is never contracted by resentment or indignation.

George Eliot

A LORD OF CREATION

Reginald was a perfect model of manly beauty, and seemed in his person to have realized all that Grecian sculpture had imagined of faultless form and feature. . . . He had good feelings, great sensibility, and ardent, romantic imagination, and a high-spirited scorn of everything mean and base; and although he was at the same time headstrong, self-willed, and impetuous, the slave of impulse and the sport of passion, yet, as his impulse often led him to what was good, and his passion was a mere gust, these in early life showed scarcely as defects, but seemed merely the natural exuberance of youthful blood and unchecked spirits.

Susan Ferrier

THE YOUNG ARTIST

Valerio was the handsomest fellow in Venice. He was not so tall, but better proportioned and more robust than his brother. His fine face ex-

pressed at a first glance only good nature, courage and frankness. It required some attention to discover in his great blue eyes the sacred fire that slumbered there, often under a shade of quiet indifference, whose lustre, although not altered, was at least veiled, by a slight expression of fatigue. This half-pallor ennobled his beauty, and tempered the serene audacity of his look.

George Sand

AN INTELLECTUAL MAN OF AFFAIRS

He stood beside the window, with his hands on his sides, moodily looking out. Thus strongly defined against the sunset light, he would have impressed himself on a stranger as a man no longer in his first youth, extraordinarily handsome so far as the head was concerned, but of a somewhat irregular and stunted figure; stunted, however, only in comparison with what it had to carry; for in fact he was of about middle height. But the head, face, and shoulders were all remarkably large and powerful; the colouring—curly, black hair, grey eyes, dark complexion—singularly vivid; and the lines of the brow, the long nose, the energetic mouth, in their mingled force and perfection, had made the stimulus of many an artist before now.

Mrs. Humphry Ward

"WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS"

Most true is it that "beauty is in the eye of the gazer." My master's colourless, olive face, square, massive brow, broad and jetty eyebrows, deep eyes, strong features, firm, grim mouth—all energy, decision, will—were not beautiful, according to rule; but they were more than beautiful to me: they were full of an interest, an influence that quite mastered me—that took my feelings from my own power and fettered them in his. I had not intended to love him: the reader knows I had wrought hard to extirpate from my soul the germs of love there detected; and now, at the first renewed view of him, they spontaneously revived, green and strong! He made me love him without looking at me.

Charlotte Brontë

DISTINCTION

If she looked up she would see him.

She knew what she would see: the fine, cross upper-lip lifted backwards by the moustache, the small grizzled brown moustache, turned up, that made it look crosser. The narrow, pensive lower lip, thrust out by its light jaw. His nose—quite a young nose—that wouldn't be Roman, wouldn't be Sutcliffe; it looked out over your head, tilted itself up to sniff the world, obstinate,

alert. His eyes, young too, bright and dark, sheltered, safe from age under the low straight eyebrows. They would never have shaggy, wrinkled sagging lids. Dark-brown hair, grey above his ears, clipped close to stop its curling like his uncle's. He liked to go clipped and clean. You felt that he liked his own tall, straight slenderness.

May Sinclair

THE ROMANTIC VIOLINIST

As he leaned upon the table, one slight, long, brown hand propping his head, and half lost in the thick, fine, brown hair which waved in large, ample waves over his head, there was an indescribable grace, ease, and negligent beauty in the attitude. Move as he would, let him assume any position or impossible attitude, there was still the same grace, half careless, yet very dignified, in the position he took.

All his lines were lines of beauty, but beauty which had power and much masculine strength; nowhere did it degenerate into flaccidity, nowhere lose strength in grace. . . . Broad-shouldered, long-armed, with a physique in every respect splendid, he was yet very distinctly removed from the mere handsome animal which I believe enjoys a distinguished popularity in the latter-day romance.

Jessie Fothergill

WANTED—A SILENT PARTNER

Tom Beatup attracted her strongly. He was much her own type—slow, ruminative, patient as the beasts he tended—yet she saw him as a being altogether more helpless than herself, one less able to think and plan, one whom she could "manage" tenderly. He was not so practical as she, and more in need of affection, of which he got less. Thyrza sometimes pictured his round dark head upon her breast, her arm about him, holding him there in the crook of it, both lover and child. . . .

Sheila Kaye-Smith

THE CONQUERING MALE

And against her will, almost without conscious movement, she obeyed him. The untempting morsel passed from his hand to hers, and under the compulsion of his insistence she began to eat. She felt as if every mouthful would choke her, but she persevered, urged by the dread certainty that he would somehow have his way.

. . . .There was, moreover, something comforting in his presence, something that vastly reassured her, making her lean upon him in spite of herself.

. . . . Presently he stopped again, and without

a word lifted her in his arms. She gasped a protest to which he made no response. His arms compassed her like steel, making her feel helpless as an infant.

Ethel M. Dell

CLARA MILITCH

"I am ready to listen to you," he began again, "and shall be very glad if I can be of use to you in any way . . . though I am, I confess, surprised . . . considering the retired life I lead. . . ."

At these last words of his, Clara suddenly turned to him, and he beheld such a terrified, such a deeply wounded face, with such large bright tears in the eyes, such a pained expression about the parted lips, and this face was so lovely, that he involuntarily faltered, and himself felt something akin to terror and pity and softening.

"Ah, why . . . why are you like that?" she said, with an irresistibly genuine and truthful force, and how movingly her voice rang out! "Could my turning to you be offensive to you? . . . is it possible you have understood nothing? . . . Ah, yes! you have understood nothing, you did not understand what I said to you, God knows what you have been imagining about me, you have not even dreamed what it cost me—to write to you! . . . You thought of nothing but yourself, your own dignity, your peace of mind!

. . . But is it likely I . . ." (she squeezed her hands raised to her lips so hard, that the fingers gave a distinct crack) . . . "As though I made any sort of demands of you, as though explanations were necessary first . . . 'My dear madam, . . . I am, I confess, surprised . . . if I can be of any use' . . . Ah! I am mad!—I was mistaken in you—in your face! . . . when I saw you the first time . . . ! Here . . . you stand . . . If only one word. What, not one word?"

Turgeniev

CATHERINE

"I love him more than ever you loved Edgar" —said the infatuated girl,—"and he might love me if you would let him!"

"I wouldn't be you for a kingdom, then!" Catherine declared emphatically—and she seemed to speak sincerely. "Nelly, help me to convince her of her madness. Tell her what Heathcliff is—an unreclaimed creature, without refinement—without cultivation; an arid wilderness of furze and whinstone. I'd as soon put that little canary into the park on a winter's day as recommend you to bestow your heart on him! It is deplorable ignorance of his character, child, and nothing else, which makes that dream enter your head. Pray don't imagine that he conceals depths of benevolence and affection beneath a

stern exterior! He's not a rough diamond—a pearl-containing oyster of a rustic; he's a fierce, pitiless, wolfish man. I never say to him, Let this or that enemy alone, because it would be ungenerous or cruel to harm them. I say, Let them alone, because I should hate them to be wronged: and he'd crush you, like a sparrow's egg, Isabella, if he found you a troublesome charge. I know he couldn't love a Linton: and yet, he'd be quite capable of marrying your fortune and expectations. Avarice is growing with him a besetting sin. There's my picture: and I'm his friend—so much so that had he thought seriously to catch you, I should, perhaps, have held my tongue, and let you fall into this trap."

Emily Brontë

"ADVICE TO A SCHOOLBOY"

Love in women (at least) is either vanity, or interest, or fancy. It is a merely selfish feeling. It has nothing to do (I am sorry to say) with friendship, or esteem, or even pity. I once asked a girl, the pattern of her sex in shape and mind and attractions, whether she did not think Mr. Coleridge had done wrong in making the heroine of his beautiful ballad story of "Genevieve" take compassion on her hapless lover—

"When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay——"

And whether she believed that any woman ever fell in love through a sense of compassion; and she made answer—"Not if it was against her inclination!" I would take the lady's word for a thousand pound, on this point.

William Hazlitt

JEUNE FILLE

A young girl's love is a kind of piety. We must approach it with adoration if we are not to profane it, and with poetry if we are to understand it. If there is anything in the world which gives us a sweet, ineffable impression of the ideal, it is this trembling modest love. To deceive it would be a crime. Merely to watch its unfolding life is bliss to the beholder; he sees in it the birth of a divine marvel.

Amiel

EGO

Women wish to be loved without a why or a wherefore; not because they are pretty, or good, or well bred, or graceful, or intelligent, but because they are themselves. All analysis seems to them to imply a loss of consideration, a subordination of their personality to something which dominates and measures it. They will have none of it; and their instinct is just . . . Love must always remain a fascination, a witchery, if the

empire of woman is to endure. Once the mystery gone, the power goes with it. Love must always seem to us indivisible, insoluble, superior to all analysis, if it is to preserve that appearance of infinity, of something supernatural and miraculous, which makes its chief beauty. . . . The feminine triumph *par excellence* is to convict of obscurity that virile intelligence which makes so much pretence to enlightenment. And when a woman inspires love, it is then especially that she enjoys this proud triumph. I admit that her exultation has its grounds. Still, it seems to me that love—true and profound love—should be a source of light and calm, a religion and a revelation, in which there is no place left for the lower victories of vanity.

Amiel

SOME LOVE LETTERS

VII

SOME LOVE LETTERS

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE TO JENNY DAQUIN

Contrary to my usual habit, I have no distinct recollection of that day, but am like a cat who licks his whiskers for a long time after drinking his milk. Admit that the peace of which you sometimes speak with admiration, that the *Kêf*, which is superior even to the best that we know, is as nothing in comparison to the happiness "which is almost pain." Nothing is more insignificant than the life of an oyster, especially of an oyster which is not eaten. . . .

Good-bye. Do not have any second thoughts, and give me a place in your first.

KWEI-LI TO HER HUSBAND (A CHINESE OFFICIAL)

Dost thou know what love is? Thou canst not till thou holdest Love itself within thy very arms. I thought I loved thee. I smile now at the

remembrance of that feeble flickering that was as like unto the real love as the faint, cold beam of the candle is to the rays of the glorious sun. Now—now—thou art the father of my son. Thou hast a new place in my heart. The tie that binds our hearts together is stronger than a rope of twisted bamboo; it is a bond, a love bond, that never can be severed. I am the mother of thy first-born—thou hast given me my man-child. Love thee—love thee!—now I *know!*

I am

Thine Own.

RICHARD STEELE TO MARY SCURLOCK

Madam,

It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love and yet attend to business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up or other people will do it for me.

A gentleman asked me this morning, "What news from Lisbon?" and I answered, "She is exquisitely handsome." Another desired to know when I had been last at Hampton Court. I replied, "It will be on Tuesday come se'n night." Prythee, allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. O love!

"A thousand torments dwell about me!
Yet who would live to live without thee?"

Methinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much and with what disinterested passion I am ever yours,

Rich. Steele

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO MADAME HELVETIUS

. . . *Passy.*

Chagrined at your resolution, pronounced so decidedly last evening, to remain single for life, in honour of your dear husband, I went home, fell upon my bed, thought myself dead, and found myself in the Elysian Fields.

They asked me if I had any desire to see any persons in particular. "Lead me to the philosophers." "There are two that reside here in this garden. They are very good neighbours and very friendly to each other." "Who are they?" "Socrates and Helvetius." "I esteem them both prodigiously; but let me see Helvetius first, because I understand a little French and not a word of Greek." He viewed me with much courtesy, having known me, he said, by reputation for some time. He asked me a thousand things about the war, and the present state of religion, liberty, and government in France. "You ask me nothing, then, respecting your

friend Madame Helvetius, and yet she loves you still excessively; it is but an hour since I was at her house." "Ah!" said he, "you make me recollect my former felicity; but I ought to forget it to be happy here. For many years I thought of nothing but her. At last I am consoled. I have taken another wife, the most like her that I could find. She is not, it is true, quite so handsome; but she has as much good sense and wit, and loves me infinitely. Her continued study is to please me; she is at present gone to look for the best nectar and ambrosia to regale me this evening; stay with me and you will see her."

"I perceive," said I, "that your old friend is more faithful than you; for many good matches have been offered her, all of which she has refused. I confess to you that I loved her myself to excess; but she was severe to me, and has absolutely refused me, for love of you." "I commiserate you," said he, "for your misfortune; for indeed she is a good woman, and very amiable. But the Abbé de la Roche and the Abbé Morellet, are they not still sometimes at her house?" "Yes, indeed, for she has not lost a single one of your friends." "If you had gained over the Abbé Morellet with coffee and cream to speak for you, perhaps you would have succeeded, for he is as subtle a reasoner as Scotus or

St. Thomas, and puts his arguments in such good order that they become almost irresistible: or if you had secured the Abbé de la Roche, by giving him some fine edition of an old classic, to speak *against* you, that would have been better; for I have always observed that when he advises anything, she has a very strong inclination to do the reverse."

At these words the new Madame Helvetius entered with the nectar; I instantly recognized her as Mrs. Franklin, my old American friend. I reclaimed her, but she said to me coldly, "I have been your good wife forty-nine years and four months; almost half a century; be content with that." Dissatisfied with this refusal of my Eurydice I immediately resolved to quit those ungrateful shades and to return to this good world to see again the sun and you. Here I am. *Let us avenge ourselves.*

POPE TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

After having dreamed of you several nights, besides a hundred reveries by day, I find it necessary to relieve myself by writing; though this is the fourth letter I have sent.

For God's sake, madam, let not my correspondence be like the traffic with the grave from

whence there is no return. Unless you write to me, my wishes must be like a poor papist's devotions to separate spirits, who, for all they know or hear from them, either may or may not be sensible of their addresses.

None but your guardian angels can have you more constantly in mind than I; and if they have, it is only because they can see you always. If ever you think of those fine young beaux of Heaven, I beg you to reflect that you have just as much consolation from them as I have at present from you. . . .

BENJAMIN CONSTANT TO MADAME RÉCAMIER

September 3rd, 1814.

To-morrow evening, to-morrow evening? What is that evening to me? It will commence for me at five o'clock in the morning. To-morrow is to-day. Thanks to God, yesterday is passed. I shall therefore be at your door at nine o'clock. They will tell me that you are not there. I shall be there between ten and eleven; will they still tell me that you are not there?

. . . I seem mad to you, perhaps; but I see your look, I repeat to myself your words. . . . I am right to be mad. I would be mad not to be so. Till this evening, then, *Mon dieu!* If you are

not the most indifferent of women, how much you will make me suffer in my life! . . . Once again, till to-night.

GEORGE SAND TO ALFRED DE MUSSET

April 15-17th, 1834.

. . . Do not believe, do not believe, Alfred, that I could be happy with the thought of having lost your heart. That I have been your mistress or your mother, what does it matter? That I have inspired you with love or with friendship —that I have been happy or unhappy with you, all that changes nothing in the state of my mind, at present. I know that I love you and that is all. To watch over you, to preserve you from all ill, from all contrariety, to surround you with distractions and pleasures, that is the need and the regret which I feel since I have lost you. Why has so sweet a task and one which I should have performed with such joy become, little by little, so bitter, and then, all at once, impossible? How is it that I, who would have offered up all my blood to give you a night's rest and peace, have become for you a torment, a scourge, a spectre? When these atrocious memories besiege me (and at what hour do they leave me in peace?) I almost go mad.

BALZAC TO COUNTESS HANSKA

Dresden, October 21st, 1843.

If happiness for a woman is to know herself unique in a heart, alone, filling it in an indispensable manner, sure to shine in the intelligence of a man as his light, sure to be his blood, to animate each heart-beat, to live in his thought as the substance itself of that thought, and having the certainty that it would be always and always so; *eh bien*, dear sovereign of my soul, you can call yourself happy, and happy *senza brama*, for so I shall be for you till death. One can feel satiety for human things, there is none for divine things, and this word alone can explain what you are for me.

THOMAS CARLYLE TO JANE WELCH

Scotsbrig, 12 *Aug.*, 1826.

My darling:

O my good Jane, it is an awful and delicious thought, this of wedlock! Need is, most pressing need, that the heart you give your own heart to, be well and seriously judged and found worthy. With one whose integrity of soul you even doubted, it were better to die a thousand deaths than to wed.

I swear it will break my heart if I make thee unhappy. And yet I am a perverse mortal to

deal with, and the best resolutions make shipwreck in the sea of practice. But thou must be a *very* good wife, and I will be a very good husband.

JANE WELCH TO THOMAS CARLYLE

. . . Oh, my dearest friend, be always so good to me, and I shall make the best and happiest wife! When I read in your looks and words that you love me, then I care not one straw for the whole universe besides. But when you fly from me to smoke tobacco, or speak of me as a mere circumstance of your lot, then, indeed, my heart is troubled about many things.

JOHN KEATS TO FANNY BRAWNE

. . . My love has made me selfish. I cannot exist without you. I am forgetful of everything but seeing you again—my Life seems to stop there—I see no farther. . . . I have been astonished that Men could die Martyrs for religion—I have shuddered at it. I shudder no more—I could be martyred for my Religion—Love is my religion—I could die for that. I could die for you. My Creed is Love, and you are its only tenet. You have ravished me away by a Power I cannot resist; and yet I could resist till I saw you; and even since I have seen you I have endeavoured

often to reason against the reasons for my love. I can do that no more—the pain would be too great. My love is selfish. I cannot breathe without you.

PRINCE BISMARCK TO
JOHANNA VON PUTTKAMER

My Heart, *Schonhausen, February* 7, '47.

. . . If I could only dream of you when you do of me! But recently I do not dream at all—shockingly healthy and prosaic; or does my soul fly to Reinfeld in the night and associate with yours? In that case it can certainly not dream here; but it ought to tell about its journey in the morning, whereas the wayward thing is as silent about its nocturnal employments as though it, too, slept like a badger. . . . I love you, *c'est tout dire.*

Bismarck

DANIEL WEBSTER TO
JOSEPHINE SEATON

Monday Morning, March 4th, '44.

My dear Josephine:

I fear you got a wetting last evening, as it rained fast soon after you left our door; and I avail myself on the return of your *Bonnet,* to express the wish that you are well this morning, and without cold.

I have demanded parlance with your Bonnet: have asked it how many tender looks it has noticed to be directed under it; what soft words it has heard, close to its side; in what instances an air of triumph has caused it to be tossed; and whether, ever, and when, it has quivered from trembling emotions, proceeding from below. But it has proved itself a faithful keeper of secrets, and would answer none of my questions. It only remained for me to attempt to surprise it into confession, by pronouncing sundry names, one after another. It seemed quite unmoved by most of these, but at the apparently unexpected mention of one, I thought its ribbons decidedly fluttered!

I gave it my parting good wishes; hoping that it might never cover an aching head, and that the eyes which it protects from the rays of the sun, may know no tears but those of joy and affection.

Yours, dear Josephine, with affectionate regard,

Danl. Webster

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE TO HIS WIFE

I am sometimes driven to wish that you and I could mount upon a cloud (as we used to fancy in those heavenly walks of ours), and be borne

quite out of sight and hearing of the world; for now all the people in the world seem to come between us. How happy were Adam and Eve! There was no third person to come between them, and all the infinity around them only seemed to press their hearts closer together. We love one another as well as they; but there is no silent and lovely garden of Eden for us. Will you sail away with me to discover some summer island? Do you not think that God has reserved one for us, ever since the beginning of the world? Foolish that I am to raise a question of it, since we *have* found such an Eden—such an island sacred to us two—whenever we have been together. Then we are the Adam and Eve of a virgin earth.

LÉON GAMBETTA TO LÉONIE LÉON

Friday evening, May 23rd, 1879,
written at the distance of a kiss.

Dear little adored woman,—Hast thou ever penetrated to the bottom of my soul as to-day? . . . I am quite sure that I have to-day possessed the full and entire essence of your nature. I have lived in your life and not in mine. I would lose with pleasure the sentiment of my personality to pass into yours. The dream is accomplished, the revelation is complete, I respire in the azure which you inhabit, and it is fitting to say again

with the prophet-king, I feel as if I were a god, and I am that, because the property, the gift of the divinity, is Love. It is in you that I lose myself for all eternity, and I have no further desires beyond this, beyond this ineffable communion. To thee, then, in thee and for thee.

RICHARD WAGNER TO MATHILDE WESENDONCK

January 1, 1859.

Ah, I still breathe it, the magic fragrance of those blooms thou pluck'dst me from thy heart! They were not buds of life; so smell the wonder blooms of heavenly death, of the eternal; so decked they of yore the hero's corse, ere it was burnt to godlike ashes. Into that grave of flames and perfumes leaped his loved one, to mingle her beloved's ashes with her own—and they were one! One element, not two loving mortals; one divine substance of eternity.

Thy caresses, they are the crown of my life, the sweet roses that blossomed from the wreath of thorns wherewith alone my head was clad. Now am I proud and happy! Not a wish, not a longing! Delight, supreme consciousness, strength and aptitude for everything, for every storm of life!

Nay! nay, repent them not! Repent them? Never!

MEN IN LOVE THROUGH THE AGES

VIII

MEN IN LOVE THROUGH THE AGES

A GREEK HERO—ODYSSEUS TO NAUSICAA

"I beseech thee, O queen—art thou a goddess or art thou mortal? If a goddess, one of those who hold broad heaven, I must liken thee to Artemis, daughter of great Zeus, in comeliness and stature and form. But if thou art of this earth, then thrice blessed are thy father and thy honoured mother, and thrice-blessed thy brethren. Full well, I ween, are their hearts ever warmed with joy because of thee, as they see thee entering the dance, a plant so fair. But blessed above all others is he who shall prevail with wooing-gifts and lead thee to his home. For never yet have mine eyes looked upon a mortal such as thou."

Homer

A RAJAH OF INDIA

. . . . And Ranga looked at her, and his heart swelled in his breast; for she touched it not only

by her beauty but by the strength of her soul. And he laughed for joy, and said: ". . . . O thou fair woman, thy loveliness is wonderful, and yet it is the least part of thy excellence. Now thou art worthy of one better than I am. And yet, if thou wilt give thyself to me for a wife, I will be thy lord and thy protector in this life and the next, and thou shalt be my divinity in human form. And I will want food and clothing, before thou shalt want sweetmeats and jewels." And he stooped down and touched her feet, and put his hand on his head: and then stood and looked at her with a smile. And she looked at him with affection, and said: "Thou art the man whom I have desired to have for a husband, and now I see that my dream was a true one. And now I am thy wife and thy servant."

F. W. Bain

THE ARAB OF A THOUSAND YEARS AGO

"When I considered" (quoth Ibrahim), "I took leave of my senses and wit and I was dazed and my thought was confounded for amazement at the sight of loveliness whose like is not on the face of the earth. So I fell into a swoon, and coming to myself, weeping-eyed, recited these two couplets:

"I see thee and close not mine eyes for fear,
Lest their lids prevent me beholding thee:
An I gazed with mine every glance, these eyne
Ne'er could sight all the loveliness moulding thee."

The Thousand Nights and a Night:
Sir Richard Burton's Translation

AN IDYLL OF TWELFTH-CENTURY FRANCE: AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

"Fair, sweet friend," quoth he, "thou shalt not go, for then wouldst thou be my death. And the first man that saw thee and had the might withal, would take thee straightway into his bed to be his leman. And once thou camest into a man's bed, and that bed not mine, wit ye well that I would not tarry till I had found a knife to pierce my heart and slay myself. Nay, verily, wait so long I would not; but would hurl myself so far as I might see a wall, or a black stone, and I would dash my head against it so mightily that the eyes would start and the brain burst."

"Aucassin," she said, "I trow thou lovest me not as much as thou sayest, but I love thee more than thou lovest me."

"Ah, fair, sweet friend," said Aucassin, "it may not be that thou shouldst love me even as I love thee. Woman may not love man as man

loves woman; for a woman's love lies in her eye, and the bud of her breast, and her foot's tiptoe, but the love of a man is in his heart planted, whence it can never issue forth and pass away."

A GERMAN MINSTREL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

She stirred a little, and leant against him, and the springs of her heart-sorrow rose to her lips and weighed down her head.

Then Tristan laid his arm around her gently, and spake softly: . . . "I ween, fair Iseult, that the sea and the wind troubleth thee; the sea and the salt wind; thou dost taste them, and they are alike bitter to thee."

"Nay, nay, what sayest thou? I taste nor wind nor sea. L'Amer alone doth trouble me."

And Tristan whispered: "Of a sooth, sweet heart, so doth it me. L'Amer and thou, ye are my sorrow! Heart's lady, sweet Iseult, thou and the love of thee have turned my heart aside; so far have I wandered that never more may I find the right path. All that mine eyes behold is but weariness and sorrow, weakness of spirit and heaviness of heart; in all the world is there naught that my heart doth love save thee only."

Iseult spake: "Even so it is with me."

So the twain made their confession of love each to the other; he kissed her, and she him; and each drank of the sweetness that the heart may offer.

Gottfried of Strassburg

THE FLOWER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

ROMEO—With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

JULIET—If they do see thee, they will murther thee.

ROMEO—Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

JULIET—I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO—I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
An but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Shakespeare

FRENCH SWORDSMAN AND POET

ROXANE—Well, if that moment's come for us
—suppose it!
What words would serve you?
CYRANO— All, all, all, whatever
That came to me, e'en as they came, I'd fling
them
In a wild cluster, not a careful bouquet.
I love thee! I am mad! I love, I stifle!
Thy name is in my heart as in a sheep-bell,
And as I ever tremble, thinking of thee,
Ever the bell shakes, ever thy name ringeth!
All things of thine I mind, for I love all things;
I know that last year on the twelfth of May-
month,
To walk abroad one day you changed your hair-
plaits!
I am so used to take your hair for daylight
That—like as when the eye stares on the sun's
disk,
One sees long after a red blot on all things—
So, when I quit thy beams, my dazzled vision
Sees upon all things a blond stain imprinted.
ROXANE (*agitated*)—Why, this is love indeed!

Edmond Rostand (Brian Hooker)

SENTIMENT INSPIRED BY CLARISSA —IN SEVEN VOLUMES

He threw himself upon his knees at my feet. Who can bear, said he (with an ardour that could not be feigned, his own eyes glistening) who can bear to behold such sweet emotion? O charmer of my heart! (and, respectfully still kneeling, he took my hand with both his, pressing it to his lips). Command me *with* you, command me *from* you; in every way I am all implicit obedience—but . . . I appeal to everything you know, to all you have suffered . . . whether you can possibly have such another opportunity—the chariot ready; my friends with impatience expecting the result of *your own* appointment: a man whose will shall be entirely your will, imploring you, thus on his knees imploring you —to be *your own mistress;* that is all; *nor will I ask for your favour but as upon full proof I shall* appear to deserve it. Fortune, alliance, unobjectionable! O my beloved creature! (pressing my hand once more to his lips) let not such an opportunity slip. You never, never will have such another.

Samuel Richardson

MR. VERDANT GREEN, OF A GENERATION BACK

Mr. Verdant Green managed to say, in a choking, faltering tone, "I wonder how much you like me—very much?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell—how should I? . . . You saved my life; so, of course, I am very, very grateful; and I hope I shall always be your friend."

"Yes, I hope so indeed—always—and something more. Do you hope the same?"

"What *do* you mean? Hadn't we better go back to the house?"

"Not just yet—it's so cool here—at least, not cool exactly, but hot—pleasanter, that is—much pleasanter here. . . . Don't mind me; I always feel hot when—when I am out of doors."

"Then we had better go indoors."

"Pray, don't—not yet—do stop a little longer." And his hand . . . timidly seized Miss Patty's arm, and then naturally, but very gently, fell upon her waist. A thrill shot through him like an electric flash. . . .

"Well," said Mr. Verdant Green, who was now desperate, and mentally prepared to take the dreaded plunge into that throbbing sea that beats upon the strand of matrimony, "whether *you* like *me* very much or not, *I* like *you* very much!—very much indeed! Ever since I saw you,

since last Christmas, I've—I've liked you—very much indeed!"

"*Cuthbert Bede*" [*Rev. Edward Bradley*]

THE BARONET AND BECKY SHARP

"I say again, I want you," Sir Pitt said, thumping the table. "I can't git on without you. I didn't see what it was till you went away. The house all goes wrong. It's not the same place. All my accounts has got muddled agin. You *must* come back. Do come back. Dear Becky, do come."

"Come—as what, sir?" Rebecca gasped out.

"Come as Lady Crawley, if you like," the Baronet said, grasping his crape hat. "There! will that zatusfy you? Come back and be my wife. You're vit vor't. Birth be hanged. You're as good a lady as ever I see. . . . Will you come? Yes or no?"

"Oh, Sir Pitt!" Rebecca said, very much moved.

"Say 'yes,' Becky," Sir Pitt continued. "I'm an old man, but a good'n. I'm good for twenty years. I'll make you happy, zee if I don't. You shall do what you like; spend what you like; and 'ave it all your own way. I'll make you a settlement. I'll do everything reg'lar. Look yere!" and the old man fell down on his knees and leered at her like a satyr.

W. M. Thackeray

ANGEL CLARE AND TESS

Clare jumped up from his seat, and, leaving his pail to be kicked over if the milcher had such a mind, went quickly toward the desire of his eyes, and, kneeling down beside her, clasped her in his arms.

Tess was taken completely by surprise, and she yielded to his embrace with unreflecting inevitableness. Having seen that it was really her lover who had advanced, and no one else, her lips parted, and she sank upon him in her momentary joy, with something very like an ecstatic cry.

He had been on the point of kissing that too-tempting mouth of hers, but he checked himself, even for tender conscience' sake. "Forgive me, Tess dear," he whispered. "I ought to have asked. I—did not know what I was doing. I do not mean it as a liberty at all—I—am devoted to you, Tessie, dearest, with all my soul."

Thomas Hardy

THE PASSION OF OSMOND

"What I wish to say to you," he went on at last, looking up, "is that I find I am in love with you."

Isabel instantly rose from her chair.

"Ah, keep that till I am tired!" she murmured.

"Tired of hearing it from others?" And Osmond sat there, looking up at her. "No, you may heed it now, or never, as you please. But, after all, I must say it now." . . . Then he got up and came near her, deeply respectful, as if he were afraid he had been too familiar.

"I am thoroughly in love with you."

The tears came into Isabel's eyes. . . . "Oh, don't say that, please," she answered . . . in a tone of entreaty which had nothing of conventional modesty, but which expressed the dread of having . . . to choose and decide.

"I haven't the idea that it will matter much to you," said Osmond. "I have too little to offer you. What I have—it's enough for me; but it's not enough for you. I have neither fortune, nor fame, nor extrinsic advantages of any kind. So I offer nothing. I only tell you because I think it can't offend you, and some day or other it may give you pleasure. It gives me pleasure, I assure you," he went on, standing there before her, bending forward a little, turning his hat, which he had taken up, slowly round, with a movement which had all the decent tremor of awkwardness and none of its oddity, and presenting to her his keen, expressive, emphatic face. "It gives me no pain, because it is perfectly simple. For me you will always be the most important woman in the world."

Henry James

A SHEIK OF TO-DAY—À L'ANGLAISE

Her body was aching with the grip of his powerful arms, her mouth was bruised with his savage kisses. She clenched her hands in anguish. "Oh, God!" she sobbed, with scalding tears that scorched her cheeks. "Curse him! Curse him!"

And with the words on her lips he came, silent, noiseless, to her side. With his hands on her shoulders he forced her to her feet. His eyes were fierce, his stern mouth parted in a cruel smile, his deep, slow voice half angry, half impatiently amused. "Must I be valet as well as lover?"

Edith M. Hull

THE FRENCH SCULPTOR

Dechartre insisted on wishing to make Thérèse admire what she did not understand. For her sake certainly he would have sacrificed Dante and all the poets, with the rest of the universe. But by her side, in the ardour of his desire, beholding her tranquil, he was irritated by her smiling beauty. He felt bound to impose on her his ideas, his artistic passions, even his fancies and caprices. In a low voice and in quick argumentative words he remonstrated with her.

"How vehement you are," she said.

Then he whispered in her ear, in a passionate voice which he vainly sought to moderate:

"You must take my soul with me. It would give me no joy to win you with a soul that was not my own."

At these words there passed over Thérèse a little shudder of fear and joy.

Anatole France

A LITTLE COURSE IN LOVE-MAKING

IX

A LITTLE COURSE IN LOVE-MAKING

These are days when knowledge calls aloud from the advertising pages. On the authority of the teachers themselves, we favoured moderns may learn by mail such things as our benighted forefathers never dreamed of—how to alter the cabriole legs with which nature has endowed us to Heppelwhite, how to have a Compelling Personality, or to play the Tenor Banjo in One Minute.

It has seemed as if there were one slight gap in this encyclopedic offering—despite the gentleman who offers to reveal the Secrets of Sex Fascination.

So we have gathered from some of the many acute writers, from ancient Egyptians to Ovid, from Theocritus to Dryden, from Byron and de Maupassant to Marie Corelli, a few scattering precepts in the universally appealing art-science of Efficiency in Love. Most of these counsellors were clearly Go-Getters: they advise out of their own rich experience. That even such experts occasionally differ is merely another evidence of the complexity of the subject and the need for erecting a scientific basis of sound practice.

WALL-MOTTO

Why makest thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
. . . . . .
Then why should he despair that knows to court
it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?

Shakespeare

A PESSIMIST

I know the nature of women. When you will, they will not; when you will not, they come of their own accord.

Terence

THE WAZÎR PTAH-HOTEP COUNSELS KING ASSA (PERHAPS 3,000 B. C.)

If thou wouldest be wise, provide for thine house, and love thy wife that is in thine arms. Fill her stomach, clothe her back; oil is the remedy of her limbs. Gladden her heart during her lifetime, for she is an estate profitable unto its lord. Be not harsh, for gentleness mastereth her more than strength. Give to her that for which she sigheth and that toward which her eye looketh; so shalt thou keep her in thy house.

Translated by Brian Brown

THE YOUNG SINGER SHOWS HER ACCOMPLISHMENTS—AND HER FEELINGS

(*Malāvika, having approached the King, sings the four-part composition*):

My beloved is hard to obtain; be then without hope with respect to him, O my heart! Ha! the outer corner of my left eye throbs somewhat: how is this man, seen after a long time, to be obtained?

My lord, consider that I look upon thee with ardent longing.

(*She goes through a pantomime expressive of the sentiment.*)

Vidushaka (*aside*)—Ha! ha! this lady may be said to have made use of this composition in four parts for the purpose of flinging herself at your head.

Kalidasa (Fifth Century)

LOVE AMONG THE FLOWERS

You with mallow sighings, hyacinthine breath,
Honey clover speeches, rose smiles for your mate,
Marjoram kisses, love-embraces in a parsley wreath,
Tiger-lily laughter, larkspur gait,—
Pour the wine and read the poem as the sacred laws dictate.

Pherecrates (*About* 430 B. C.)

SIMAETHA'S SPELL TO WIN BACK DELPHIS

Where are my bay-leaves? Come, Thestylis; where are my love-charms? Come, crown me the bowl with the crimson flower o' wool; I would fain have the fire-spell to my cruel dear that for twelve days hath not so much as come anigh me, the wretch, nor knows whether I be alive or dead; nay, nor ever hath knocked upon my door, implacable man. I warrant ye Love and the Lady be gone away with his feat fancy. In the morning I'll to Timagetus' school and see him, and ask what he means to use me so; but for to-night, I'll put the spell o' fire upon him.

So shine me fair, sweet Moon; for to thee, still Goddess, is my song, to thee and that Hecat infernal who makes e'en the whelps to shiver on her goings to and fro where these tombs be and the red blood lies. All hail to thee, dread and awful Hecat! I prithee so bear me company that this medicine of my making prove potent as any of Circe's or Medea's or Perimed's of the golden hair.

Wryneck, wryneck, draw him hither!

Theocritus (Translated by J. M. Edmonds)

WISDOM OF SIR HUDIBRAS

He that will win his dame must do
As love does when he draws his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.

Samuel Butler

THE SONG OF THE SIRENS

And I anointed therewith (with wax) the ears of all my men in their order, and in the ship they bound me hand and foot upright in the mast-stead, and to the mast they fastened the rope-ends, and themselves sat down, and smote the grey sea water with their oars. But when the ship was within the sound of a man's shout from the land, we fleeing swiftly on our way, the Sirens espied the swift ship speeding toward them, and they raised their clear-toned song:

"Hither, come hither, renowned Odysseus, great glory of the Achæans, here stay thy barque, that thou mayest listen to the voice of us twain. For none hath ever driven by this way in his black ship, till he hath heard from our lips the voice sweet as the honey comb, and hath had joy thereof and gone on his way the wiser. For lo, we know

all things, all the travail that in wide Troyland the Argives and Trojans bare by the gods' designs, yea, and we know all that shall hereafter be upon the fruitful earth."

So spake they, uttering a sweet voice, and my heart was fain to listen, and I bade my company unbind me, nodding at them with a frown; but they bent to their oars and rowed on.

Homer (Translated by Andrew Lang)

If you wish to be loved, love.

Seneca

THE ART OF LOVE—FEMININE

When first a lover you'd design to charm,
Beware, lest jealousies his soul alarm;
Make him believe with all the skill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy man.
Anon, by due degrees, small doubt create,
And let him fear some rival's better fate.
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which else would languish, and too soon grow cold.

Ovid (Translated by Dryden)

THE ART OF LOVE—MASCULINE

Her wishes never, nor her will withstand:
Submit, you conquer; serve, and you'll command.
Her words approve, deny what she denies,
Like what she likes, and when she scorns, despise.

Laugh when she smiles; when sad, dissolve in
tears;
Let every gesture sympathize with hers;
If she delights, as women will, in play,
Her stakes return, your ready losings pay.
When she's at cards, or rattling dice she throws,
Connive at cheats, and generously lose.
A smiling winner let the nymph remain,
Let your pleased mistress every conquest gain.
In heat, with an umbrella ready stand;
When walking, offer your officious hand;
Her trembling hands, tho' you sustain the cold,
Cherish, and to your warmer bosom hold.
Think no inferior office a disgrace.

. . . . . .

When all are risen and prepare to go,
Mix with the crowd, and tread upon her toe.

. . . . . .

Act well the lover, let thy speech abound
In dying words that represent thy wound.
Distrust not her belief; she will be mov'd;
All women think they merit to be loved.

Ovid (Translated by Dryden)

You must make a lover angry if you wish him to love.

Publius Syrus

CONSTANT DROPPING

Teares most prevaile; with teares too thou may'st move
Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

Herrick

OTHELLO'S METHOD

Upon this hint I spoke;
She loved me for the dangers I had passed
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Shakespeare

THE EUPHUIST

It is better to poyson her with the sweet bait of love.

Lyly

A DOUGLAS'S IDEA

I'll woo her as the lion woos his brides.

John Home

WHY?

Why did she love him? Curious fool!—be still—
Is human love the growth of human will?

Byron

A MASTER OF THE CRAFT

Juan would question further, but she press'd
His lips to hers, and silenced him with this,
And then dismiss'd the omen from her breast,
Defying augury with that fond kiss;
And no doubt of all methods 'tis the best:
Some people prefer wine—'tis not amiss;
I have tried both; so those who would a part take
May choose between the headache and the heartache.

Byron

POWER OF THE WRITTEN WORD

When Odin tried to kiss her (Wrinda, daughter of the King of the Ruthenians) at his departure, she repulsed him so that he tottered and smote his chin upon the ground. Straightway he touched her with a piece of bark whereon runes were written, and made her like unto one in frenzy: which was a gentle revenge to take for all the insults he had received.

Saxo Grammaticus

THE STRAIGHTFORWARD SCANDINAVIAN

And as Skiold thus waxed in years and valour he beheld the perfect beauty of Alfhild, daughter of the King of the Saxons, sued for her hand, and.

for her sake, in the sight of the armies of the Teutons and the Danes, challenged and fought with Skat, governor of Allemannia, and a suitor for the same maiden; whom he slew, afterwards crushing the whole nation of the Allemannians, and forcing them to pay tribute, they being subjugated by the death of their captain. . . .

Thus delivered of his bitterest rival in wooing, he took as the prize of combat the maiden for the love of whom he had fought, and wedded her in marriage.

Saxo Grammaticus

A SOCIETY IDEAL

In affairs of love a woman is perhaps most easily ensnared by a man who can combine passion with pleasantry and hot pursuit with social tact and diplomacy.

Marie Corelli

BEAUCHAMP AND RENÉE

And becoming entirely selfish he impressed his total abnegation of self upon Renée so that she could have worshipped him. A lover that was like a starry frost, froze her veins, bewildered her intelligence. She yearned for meridian warmth, for repose in a directing hand; and let it be as hard as one that grasps a sword: what

matter? unhesitatingness was the warrior virtue of her desire.

George Meredith

THE MASTERFUL MINISTER

"The man I could love," Babbie went on . . . "must not spend his days in idleness as the men I know do."

"I do not."

"He must be brave, no mere worker among others, but a leader of men."

"All ministers are."

". . . He must understand me."

"I do."

"And be my master."

"It is his lawful position in the house."

"He must not yield to my coaxing or tempers."

"It would be weakness."

"But compel me to do his bidding; yes, even thrash me if——"

"—If you won't listen to reason. Babbie," cried Gavin, "I am that man!"

Barrie

AUDACE, TOUJOURS L'AUDACE

A pressing lover seldom wants success,
Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down,
And wastes a ten years' siege before one town.

Nicholas Rowe

PROHIBITION

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
And clap your padlock—on her mind.

Prior

A FRENCH ARTIST

Accepting his statement as a sort of jest, of no real importance, she would say gaily on entering: "Well, how goes your love to-day?"

He would reply lightly, yet with perfect seriousness, telling her of the progress of his malady, in all its intimate details, and of the depth of the tenderness that had been born and was daily increasing. He analyzed himself minutely before her, hour by hour, since their separation the evening before, with the air of a professor giving a lecture; and she listened with interest, a little moved, and somewhat disturbed by this story which seemed one in a book of which she was the heroine. When he had enumerated, in his gallant and easy manner, all the anxieties of which he had become the prey, his voice sometimes trembled, in expressing by a word, or only by an intonation, the tender aching of his heart.

And she persisted in questioning him, vibrat-

ing with curiosity, her eyes fixed upon him, her ear eager for those things that are disturbing to know but charming to hear.

de Maupassant

IN TAHITI

Everyone has a white flower behind their ear. Mamua has given me one. Do you know the significance of a white flower worn over the ear? A white flower over the right ear means "I am looking for a sweetheart." And a white flower over the left ear means "I have found a sweetheart." And a white flower over each ear means "I have one sweetheart, and am looking for another." A white flower over each ear, my dear, is dreadfully the most fashionable way of adorning yourself in Tahiti.

Rupert Brooke

THE MAN OR THE MANNER

A third rode up at a startling pace—
A suitor poor, with a homely face—
  No doubts appeared to bind him.
He kissed her lips and he pressed her waist,
And off he rode with the maiden, placed
  On a pillion safe behind him.
And she heard the suitor bold confide
This golden hint to the priest who tied

The knot there's no undoing:
"With pretty, young maidens who can choose,
'Tis not so much the gallant who woos
As the gallant's way of wooing."

W. S. Gilbert

SINGULARITY, OR GOOD LOOKS?

Saint-Clair, after modestly pleading inexperience in this delicate subject, gave as his opinion that the chief way to please a woman is to be singular, to be different from others. But he did not think it possible to give a general prescription for singularity.

"According to your view," said Jules, "a lame or hump-backed man would have a better chance of pleasing than one of ordinary make."

"You push things too far," retorted Saint-Clair, "but I am willing to accept all the consequences of my proposition. For example, if I were hump-backed, instead of blowing out my brains I would make conquests. In the first place, I would try my wiles on those who are generally tender-hearted; then on those women—and there are many of them—who set up for being original—eccentric, as they say in England. To begin with, I should describe my pitiful condition, and point out that I was the victim of Nature's cruelty. I should try to move them to sympathy with my lot, I should let them suspect

that I was capable of a passionate love. I should kill one of my rivals in a duel, and I should pretend to poison myself with a feeble dose of laudanum. After a few months they would not notice my deformity, and then I should be on the watch for the first signs of affection. With women who aspire to originality conquest is easy. Only persuade them that it is a hard-and-fast rule that a deformed person can never have a love affair, they will immediately then wish to prove the opposite."

"What a Don Juan!" cried Jules.

"... As for me," said Thémines, renewing the conversation, "the longer I live, the more clearly I see that the chief singularity which attracts even the most obdurate, is passable features"—and he threw a complaisant glance in a mirror opposite—"passable features and good taste in dress," and he filliped a crumb of bread off his coat.

Prosper Mérimée

MAN PROPOSES

X

MAN PROPOSES

Why don't the men propose, mamma, Why don't the men propose?

T. H. Bayly

AN ENGLISH KING'S WAY

KING HENRY— . . . I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say "I love you": then, if you urge me further than to say "Do you in faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith do: and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

KATHARINE—*Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand vell.

KING HENRY—Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I

might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fail, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow, but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me;

and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATHARINE—Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

KING HENRY—No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

KATHARINE—I cannot tell vat is dat. . . .

KATHARINE—*Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

KING HENRY—No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, Canst thou love me?

KATHARINE— I cannot tell.

KING HENRY—Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully;

the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate,—as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,—I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

(*King Henry V.*) *Shakespeare*

A FRENCH MONARCH OF THE DAYS OF ROMANCE

Then the king began for to speake in this maner and sayd. Gentill damoysell pleasaunt, vertuous, garnished of al beautie in whome I have totali set the love of my herte, is it not wel your wil that I be your husband. Pleaseth it you not to be my wife and spouse thende that I make you to be crowned as quene and lady of Lilefort. May ye finde in your herte by suche maner to accomplishe my wil, that you and I might be assembled and conionct by mariage. Answere ye nowe and say your advise. Ha sir saide she right humblye. I am not digne ne suffisaunt that ye do to me suche honour, for the handmaiden or subgecte ought not ne marye nor in any thinge compare to her prence and

lorde. But sith that it pleaseth you to commaund me so to doo, in disparsinge to me of your grace I wer right simple and evil instruct if I refused your pleasure, and the excellent honour that ye so benignely and of your goodnesse unto me present. For if it shoulde please you to marye me to the least knight of your noble company yet ought I to consent of right. Wherfore to you that is my lorde, and to other incomparable: I am all redy to obey and accept your good and noble wil in the honour wherto ye require me, the which with good herte I ottroye and graunt you. And then king Oriant tooke her by the hand and said Certes lady I promise you on the faith of knighthod that as long as ye be on live never to espouse other woman than you, and I assure you even here that I shal be your husbande. And thus bi a comin accorde and by the consentement of them bothe was promised the saide mariage with one cordiall love.

Helyas, the Knight of the Swanne. (*Copland*)

MR. PICKWICK'S UNCONSCIOUS PROPOSAL TO MRS. BARDELL

"'Chops and Tomata Sauce. Yours, Pickwick.'

"Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomata Sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these?" *Charles Dickens*

A SELF-CONSCIOUS RUSSIAN

"You say that, Alexandra Pavlovna, because you don't know me. You think I am a stock, a perfect stock, a sort of wooden man; but if you knew that I could melt like sugar and pass whole days on my knees!"

"I must say I should like to see that."

Leschnieff arose suddenly. "Well, marry me, Alexandra, and you will see it."

Alexandra blushed crimson.

"What did you say, Michaël Michaëlovitch?" she said with embarrassment.

"I said," answered Leschnieff, "what has for a long time been on the tip of my tongue. I have now said it, and you can act on it as you please. In order not to embarrass you, I will go away. Yes, I'm going. . . . If you consent to be my wife . . . if that is not disagreeable to you, send someone after me."

Alexandra wanted to detain Leschnieff, but he went quickly into the garden without his hat and leaned on a little gate, letting his eyes wander in the distant prospect.

"If you please, sir," said a maid-servant behind him, "my mistress told me to ask you to come in."

Turgeniev

"Yes," continued Budge, "I know all about it. Only Uncle Harry don't say it right. What he calls espect, *I* calls *love*."

There was an awkward pause—it seemed an age. Another blunder, and all on account of those dreadful children. I could think of no possible way to turn the conversation; stranger yet, Miss Mayton could not do so either. Something *must* be done—I could at least be honest, come what would—I would be honest.

"Miss Mayton," said I, hastily, earnestly, but in a very low tone, "Budge is a marplot, but he is a truthful interpreter for all that. But whatever my fate may be, please do not suspect me of falling suddenly into love for a holiday's diversion. My malady is of some months' standing. I——"

"*I* want to talk *some*," observed Budge. "You talk all the whole time. I—I—when *I* loves anybody, I kisses them."

Miss Mayton gave a little start, and my thoughts followed each other with unimagined rapidity. *She* did not turn the conversation—it could not be possible that she *could* not. She was not angry, or she would have expressed herself. Could it be that——

I bent over and acted upon Budge's suggestion. As she displayed no resentment, I pressed my lips a second time to her forehead; then she raised her head slightly, and I saw, in spite of darkness and shadows, that Alice Mayton had surrendered at discretion.

John Habberton

IN THE REFINED SIXTIES

Roderick advanced a step. "*Me voici ! Je suis revenu,*" was all he said, speaking in French, as seemed most natural.

"*Oui ! oui ! oui !*" and, with a glad cry, Silence clasped her hands, the first impulsive gesture he had ever seen her use. "*Oui, il est revenu !*"

The minute afterward—he knew not how; in truth, neither ever did know—he felt her in his arms, gathered close to his breast, sheltering and sheltered there as if it were her natural refuge. He did not kiss her—he dared not; but he touched her soft hair as it lay on his shoulder; he pressed her, all shaking with sobs, to his breast; he called her by her name, first, "*ma cousine,*" and then "Silence." An instant more, and putting her a little apart from him, so that he could look down into her eyes, he breathed, rather than spoke, another word—an English word—"My wife!"

Silence shrank back for one moment, trembling

violently, drooped her face, all scarlet, and then lifted it up with a strange pathos of entreaty, almost appeal, as if she had but him in the whole world.

"Your mother," he whispered—"your mother knew it all."

"Then—yes!"

Roderick drew her back again, close into his very heart, and pressed his lips upon hers. In that long, silent, solemn troth-plight the two became one—forever.

"*Miss Mulock.*" (*Diana Maria Craik*)

JEAMES STARTS TO "ALIE" HIMSELF WITH THE "ARISTOXY"

Lady Hangelina, too, igspawstulated in her hartfl way. "Mr. De la Pluche (seshee), why, why press this point? You can't suppose that you will be happy with a person like me?"

"I adoar you, charming gal!" says I. "Never, never go to say any such thing."

"You adored Mary Ann first," answers her Ladyship; "you can't keep your eyes off her now. If any man courts her you grow so jealous that you begin beating him. You will break the girl's heart if you don't marry her, and perhaps some one else's—but you don't mind *that*."

"Break yours, you adoarible creature! I'd die

first! And as for Mary Hann, she will git over it; people's arts ain't broakn so easy. Once for all, suckmstances is changed betwigst me and her. It's a pang to part with her" (says I, my fine hi's filling with tears), "but part from her I must."

It was curius to remark abowt that singlar gal, Lady Hangelina, that melumcolly as she was when she was talking to me, and ever so disml—yet she kep on laffing every minute like the juice and all.

"What a sacrifice!" says she; "it's like Napoleon giving up Josephine. What anguish it must cause to your susceptible heart!"

"It does," says I—"Hagnies!" (Another laff.)

"And if—if I don't accept you—you will invade the States of the Emperor my papa, and I am to be made the sacrifice and the occasion of peace between you!"

"I don't know what you're eluding to about Joseyfeen and Hemperors your Pas; but I know that your Pa's estate is over hedaneers morgidged; that if some one dont elp him, he's no better than an old pawper; that he owes me a lot of money; and that I'm the man that can sell him up hoss & foot; or set him up agen—*that's* what I know, Lady Hangelina," says I, with a hair as much as to say, "Put *that* in your Ladyship's pipe and smoke it."

And so I left her, and nex day a serting fashnable paper enounced—

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—We hear that a matrimonial union is on the *tapis* between a gentleman who has made a colossal fortune in the Railway World, and the only daughter of a noble earl, whose estates are situated in D—d-dles—x. An early day is fixed for this interesting event."

W. M. Thackeray

THE RECKLESSNESS OF PASSION

Rosier was silent for a moment. "There is one thing I am sure he knows!" he broke out presently. "He knows that when I come here, it is, with all respect to him, with all respect to Mrs. Osmond, who is so charming—it is really," said the young man, "to see you!"

"To see me?" asked Pansy, raising her vaguely troubled eyes.

"To see you; that's what I come for," Rosier repeated, feeling the intoxication of a rupture with authority. Pansy stood looking at him, simply, intently, openly; a blush was not needed to make her face more modest.

"I thought it was for that," she said.

"And it was not disagreeable to you?"

"I couldn't tell; I didn't know; you never told me," said Pansy.

"I was afraid of offending you."

"You don't offend me," the young girl murmured, smiling as if an angel had kissed her.

"You like me then, Pansy?" Rosier asked very gently, feeling very happy.

"Yes—I like you."

They had walked to the chimney-piece, where the big cold Empire clock was perched; they were well within the room and beyond observation from without. The tone in which she had said these four words seemed to him the very breath of nature, and his only answer could be to take her hand and hold it a moment. Then he raised it to his lips. *Henry James*

AN ORIENTAL REMEMBRANCE

So he smoked again.

The fragrant fumes of his pipe, with the light of the lamp playing upon them, laid a shining ribbon of gold from his heart to the pavilion.

His feet stepped softly upon it. He reached the pavilion, and entered.

The Plum Blossom was sitting erect on a chair of ebony and lacquer encrusted with rose-quartz, and the sweep of his heart's desire came down upon Yung Han-Rai like a gentle, silvered miracle.

"Hayah! my bridegroom!" she said, rising, and bowing low.

"Hayah! my bride!" he replied, and kow-towed three times.

He trembled a little. In his blood he felt pulsing the whole earth with her myriad expressions of life and the making of life, as if dancing to the primal rhythm of all creation.

He looked at her.

He saw her very clearly. The poppy smoke had faded into memory.

Her face was like a tiny ivory flower, beneath the great wedding-crown of paper-thin gold leaves, with emeralds like drops of frozen green fire, with carved balls of moonstone swinging from the lobes of her ears. The finger-nails of her right hand were very long, and encased by pointed filagrees of lapis lazuli studded with seed pearls.

She wore a long gown, that was like a current of glossy silver, embroidered with trailing powder-blue clouds and peach blossoms, and along the bottom of the skirt, a golden dragon in whose head shimmered the seven mystic jewels. The jacket, with its loose sleeves of plum-colour encircled by bands of coral lotus buds, was tight and short, of apple-green satin embroidered with sprays of *yulan* magnolias and guelder roses, looped with fretted buttons of white jade; while her slippers were of porcelain, of the one called *Ting-yao*, which is fifth in rank

among all perfect porcelains, thin as a paper of rice, fragile as the wings of the silk-moth, melodious as the stone *khing* when gently struck by a soft hand, violet as a summer's night and with an over-glaze like the amber bloom of grapes.

Again he kowtowed.

She was very close to him. Nothing separated them except the delicate threshold between dream and fact. Beyond that threshold there was peace, there was love, there was the eternal thrill of fulfilment, there was an end of those yearnings, of the loneliness and the pains of actual life that had bruised his soul these many years.

So he smoked again. He enveloped himself in a thick, strongly scented poppy cloud, and he stepped a little beyond the threshold, and knelt at her feet.

"I love you, Plum Blossom," he said. "I love you, O very small Blossom of the Plum Tree!"—and he reached for the *kin*, the Chinese lute, which was at her elbow on a pillow of yellow satin embroidered with an iridescent rain of pearls.

His fingers caressed the instrument. They brushed over the cords.

The ancient Tartar melody winged up in minor, wailing harmonies, like the fluting of long-limbed rice birds flying against the dead-gold of the autumn sky; and he sang:

"I love you. You are in my heart. You are in my soul. You are in the soul within my soul, where the world has not been spotted by dirt and lies, but is pure as the laughter of little children; where there are no fetters of the flesh nor galls of earthly restraint; where the winds roam the pathless skies of outer creation, with none but the Buddha's will to check their vagabond waywardness. . . ."

Achmed Abdullah

"TOILERS OF THE SEA"

Deruchette joined her two hands in a suppliant attitude, and looked at the speaker, silent, with fixed eyes, and trembling from head to foot.

The voice continued:—

"I love you. God made not the heart of man to be silent. He has promised him eternity with the intention that he should not be alone. There is for me but one woman upon earth. It is you. I think of you as of a prayer. My faith is in God and my hope in you. What wings I have, you bear. You are my life and already my supreme happiness."

"Sir," said Deruchette, "there is no one to answer in the house!"

The voice rose again:—

"Yes, I have encouraged that dream. Heaven has not forbidden us to dream. You are like a

glory in my eyes. I love you deeply, mademoiselle. To me you are holy innocence. I know it is the hour at which your household has retired to rest, but I had no choice of any other moment. . . . I speak to you, mademoiselle, without venturing to approach you; I would step even farther back if it was your wish that my shadow should not touch your feet. You alone are supreme. You will come to me if such is your will. I love and wait. . . ."

"I did not know, sir," stammered Deruchette, "that any one remarked me on Sundays and Thursdays. . . ."

The voice continued:—

"God manifests his will in the flowers, in the light of dawn, in the spring; and love is of His ordaining. You are beautiful in this holy shadow of night. This garden has been tended by you; in its perfumes there is something of your breath. The affinities of our souls do not depend on us. They cannot be counted with our sins. You were there, that was all. I was there, that was all. I did nothing but feel that I loved you. Sometimes my eyes rested upon you. I was wrong, but what could I do? It was through looking at you that all happened. . . . To have your spirit in my house—this is the terrestrial paradise for which I hope. Say, will you be mine. . . . Oh, be my betrothed; will you not?

More than once have my eyes, in spite of myself, addressed to you that question. I love you; answer me. . . ."

Deruchette hung her head, and murmured, "Oh! I worship him."

. . . There was a pause. No leaf among the trees was stirred. . . . In the midst of that retirement, like a harmony making the silence more complete, rose the wide murmur of the sea.

The voice was heard again:—

. . . "You are silent."

"What would you have me say?"

"I wait for your reply."

"God has heard it," said Deruchette.

Then the voice became almost sonorous, and at the same time softer than before, and these words issued from the leaves as from a burning-bush:—

"You are my betrothed. Come then to me. Let the blue sky, with all its stars, be witness of this taking of my soul to thine, and let our first embrace be mingled with that firmament."

Deruchette arose and remained an instant motionless, looking straight before her, doubtless into another's eyes. Then, with slow steps, with head erect, her arms drooping, but with the fingers of her hands wide apart, like one who leans on some unseen support, she advanced toward the trees, and was out of sight.

A moment afterward, instead of the one shadow upon the graveled walk, there were two. They mingled together.

Victor Hugo

THE BISHOP'S EPISTOLARY EFFORT

"*The Palace, Melchester, June 28, 18—*

"My dear Lady Constantine:

"During the two or three weeks that have elapsed since I experienced the great pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with you, the varied agitation of my feelings has clearly proved that my only course is to address you by letter, and at once. Whether the subject of my communication be acceptable to you or not, I can at least assure you that to suppress it would be far less natural, and upon the whole less advisable, than to speak out frankly, even if afterward I hold my peace forever.

"The great change in my experience during the past year or two—the change, that is, which has resulted in my advancement to a bishopric—has frequently suggested to me, of late, that a discontinuance in my domestic life of the solitude of past years was a question which ought to be seriously contemplated. But whether I should ever have contemplated it without the great good fortune of my meeting with you is doubtful. However, the thing has been consid-

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ered at last, and without more ado I candidly ask if you would be willing to give up your life at Welland, and relieve my household loneliness here by becoming my wife.

"I am far from desiring to force a hurried decision on your part, and will wait your good pleasure patiently, should you feel any uncertainty at the moment as to the step. I am quite disqualified by habit and experience, for the delightful procedure of urging my suit in the ardent terms which would be so appropriate toward such a lady, and so expressive of my inmost feeling. In truth, a prosy cleric of five-and forty wants encouragement to make him eloquent. Of this, however, I can assure you: that if admiration, esteem, and devotion can compensate in any way for the lack of those qualities which might be found to burn with much outward brightness in a younger man, those it is my power to bestow for the term of my earthly life. Your steady adherence to church principles and your interest in ecclesiastical polity (as was shown by your bright questioning on those subjects during our morning walk round your grounds) have indicated strongly to me the grace and appropriateness with which you would fill the position of a bishop's wife, and how greatly you would add to his reputation should you be disposed to honour him with

your hand. Formerly there have been times when I was of opinion—and you will rightly appreciate my candour in owning it—that a wife was an impediment to a bishop's due activities; but constant observation has convinced me that, far from this being the truth, a meet consort infuses life into episcopal influence and teaching.

"Should you reply in the affirmative I will at once come to see you, and with your permission will, among other things, show you a few plain, practical rules which I have interested myself in drawing up for our future guidance. Should you refuse to change your condition, on my account, your decision will, as I need hardly say, be a great blow to me. In any event, I could not do less than I have done, after giving the subject my full consideration. Even if there be a slight deficiency of warmth on your part, my earnest hope is that a mind comprehensive as yours will perceive the immense power for good that you might exercise in the position in which a union with me would place you, and allow that perception to weigh with you in determining your answer.

"I remain, my dear Lady Constantine, with the highest respect and devotion,

"Yours always, C. MELCHESTER."

Thomas Hardy

THE END

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